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The Barbecued Songbook

Music Sung in the Filking Community of Texas and Oklahoma

Published by Pegasus Music

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Music Sung in the Filking Community of Texas and Oklahoma

Edited by Scott Merritt and Samuel Mize

Published by Pegasus Music
Production : Hisho kara no Neko

THE BARBEQUED SONGBOOK

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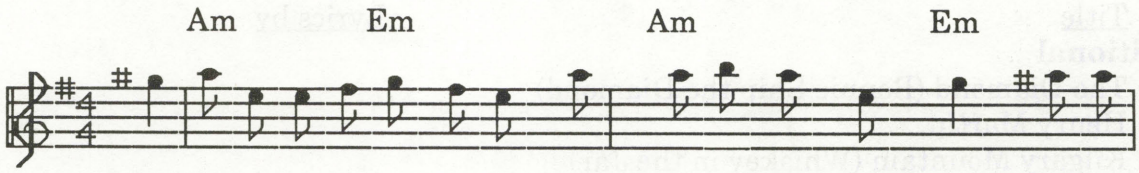
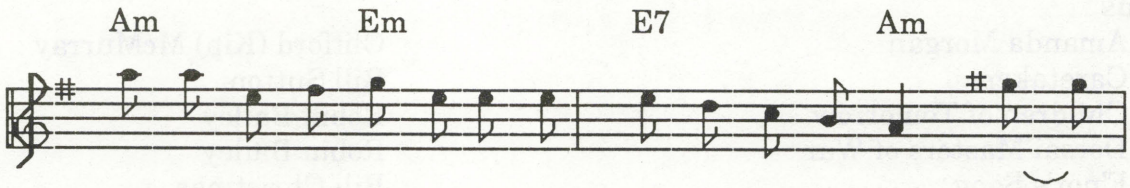
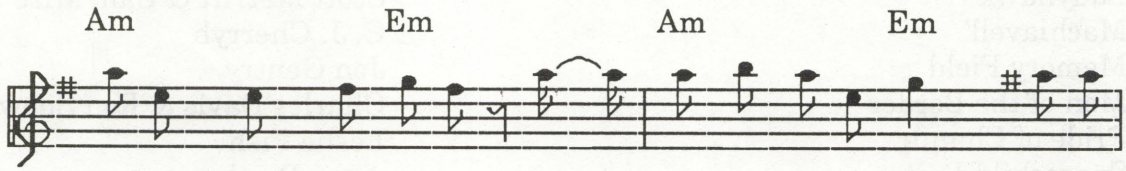
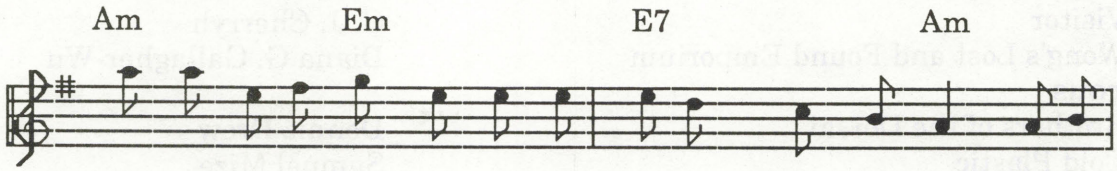
THE DIAMOND
(Bonnie Ship the Diamond)
traditional

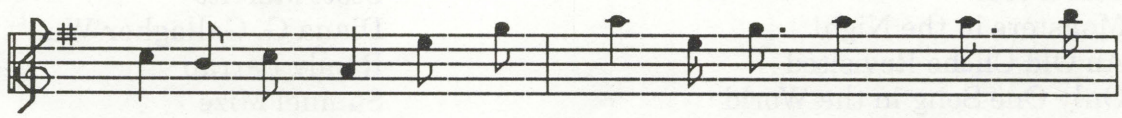


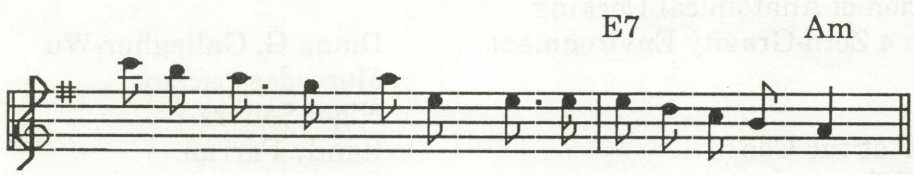
The Diamond is a ship, me lads, to_the Davis Strait she's bound, And the



quay, it is all garnished with bonny lassies round. Captain

Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide, Where the



sun, it never sets, me lads, nor darkness dims the tide. And it's

cheer up, me lads, let your hearts never fail, When the



bonny ship The Diamond goes a-fishing for the whale.

Am Em Am Em
The Diamond is a ship, me lads, to the Davis Strait she's bound,
Am Em E7 Am
And the quay, it is all garnished with bonny lasses round.
Am Em Am Em
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,
Am Em E7 Am
Where the sun, it never sets, me lads, nor darkness dims the tide.

Am
CHORUS : And it's cheer up, me lads, let your hearts never fail,
E7 Am
When the bonny ship The Diamond goes a-fishing for the whale.

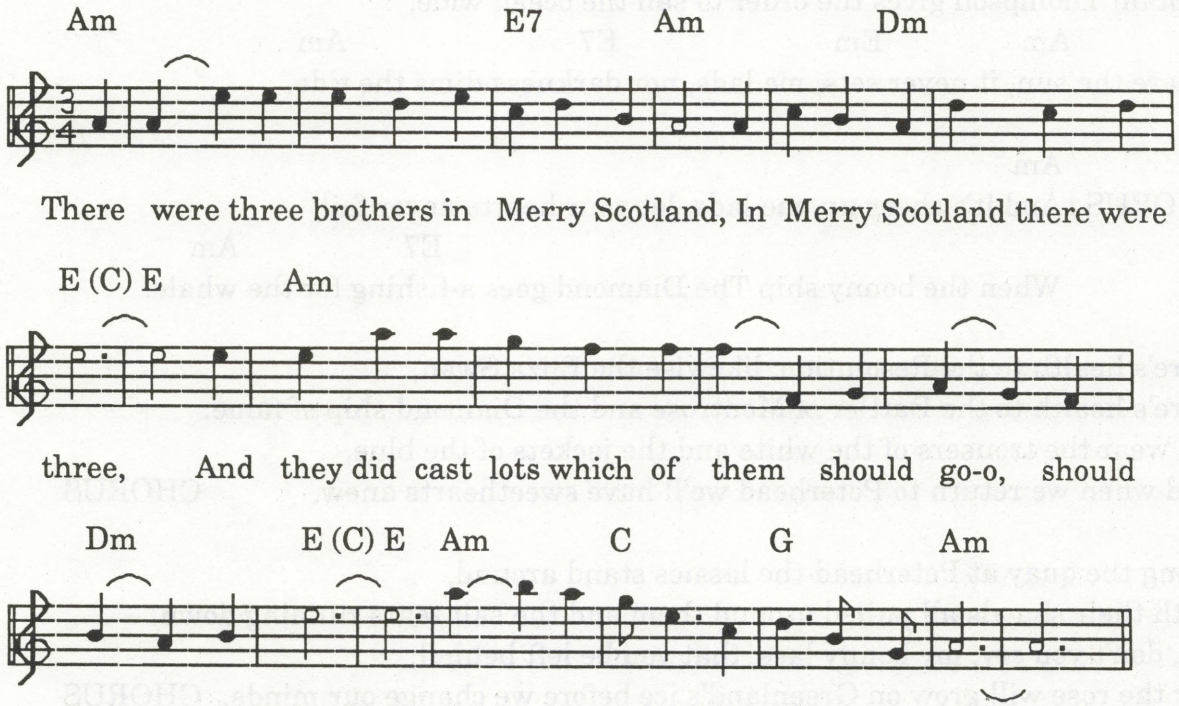
Here's health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
Here's health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond ship of fame.
We wear the trousers of the white and the jackets of the blue,
And when we return to Peterhead we'll have sweethearts anew. CHORUS

Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies stand around,
With their shawls all pulled around them and the salt tears running down.
Oh, don't you cry, my bonny lass, that you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our minds. CHORUS

'Twill be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come home,
With ship that's filled with oil, me boys, and money to our name.
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing hush-a-bye, my dear. CHORUS

HENRY MARTIN
Traditional

Capo 2


Am E7 Am Dm
There were three brothers in Merry Scotland, In Merry Scotland there were
E (C) E Am
three, And they did cast lots which of them should go-o, should
Dm E (C) E Am C G Am
go-o, should go, And turn robber all on the salt sea.

Am E7 Am
There were three brothers in Merry Scotland,
Dm E (C) E
In Merry Scotland there were three,
Am Dm E (C) E
And they did cast lots which of them should go, should go, should go,
Am C G Am
And turn robber all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin, The youngest of all the three,
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
For to maintain his two brothers and he.

They had not been sailing but a long Winter's night,
And part of a short Winter's day
When he espied a stout lofty ship, lofty ship, lofty ship
Come a-bibbing down on him straight way.

"Hello, hello" cried Henry Martin, "What makes you sail so nigh?"
"I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London town,London Town,London Town,
Would you please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh, no, oh no," cried Henry Martin, "This thing it never could be,
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me."

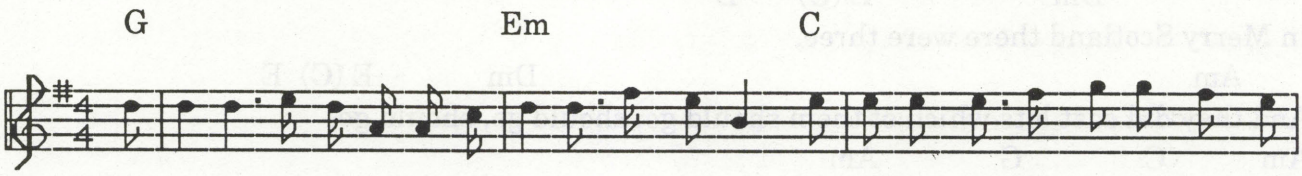
"Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizzen, Bring you ship under my lee
Or I will give to you a full cannon ball, cannon ball, cannon ball,
And all your dear bodies drown in the salt sea."

"Oh no, we won't lower our lofty topsail, Nor bring our ship under your lee
And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods,
merchant goods, merchant goods,
Nor point our bold guns to the sea."

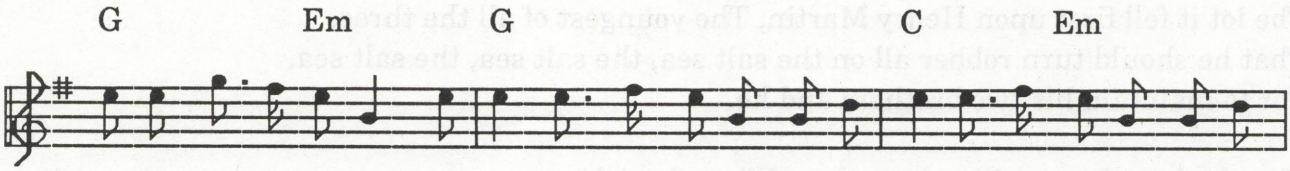
And broadside and broadside and at it they went, for fully two hours or three,
'Til Henry Martin gave to them the deathshot, the death shot, the death shot
And straight to the bottom went she.

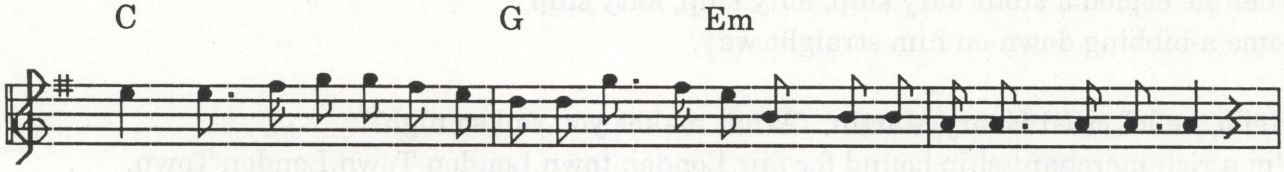
Bad news, bad news to old England came, bad news to fair London Town,
There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away,
And all of her merry men drowned.

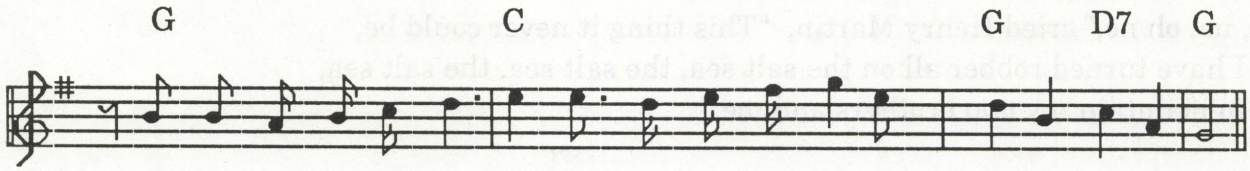
KILGARY MOUNTAIN (Whiskey in the Jar)
Traditional



As I was a-walkin' over Kil-gar-y mountain, I met with Colonel Farrel and his



money he was countin', I drew forth me pistol, and I rattled me rapier, sayin'

"Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver, Musha riggem durem da,



Whack fol the daddy- o, whack fol the daddy- o, there's whiskey in the jar.

G Em
As I was a-walkin' over Kilgary mountain,
C G Em
I met with Colonel Farrel, and his money he was countin',
G C Em
I drew forth my pistol, and I rattled me rapier, sayin',
C G Em
"Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver."

Em G C
CHORUS : Musha riggem durem da, Whack fol the daddy-o, whack fol the daddy-o,
G D7 G
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,
I took it home and gave it to me darlin' sportin' Jenny,
She sighed and swore she loved me, and she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women, for they always lie so easy. CHORUS

I went into me chamber, for to take meself some slumber,
And dream of gold and silver, and of course it was no wonder,
Me Jenny took me pistol and she filled it up with water,
And called on Colonel Farrel to make ready for the slaughter, CHORUS

It was early in the morning, long before the time for travel,
There came a band of footmen, and likewise Colonel Farrel,
I went for me pistol, for she'd stole away me rapier,
But a prisoner I was taken, for I could not shoot the water, CHORUS

They threw me into jail, with a judge all a-writin',
For robbing Colonel Farrel up on Kilgary Mountain,
But they could not take me fists, so I knocked a jailer down,
And bid a fond farewell to that tight-fisted town, CHORUS

I'll go and find me brother, the one that's in the army,
I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney,
Together we'll go ridin' o'er the far-flung hills of Kerry,
For I'd rather sleep with him than with me darlin' sportin' Jenny. CHORUS

'Twas early in the morning, at the barracks in Killarney,
Me brother took his leave, but he did not tell the army,
The horses they were speedy, 'twas all over but the shoutin',
And now we wait for Farrel up upon Kilgary Mountain, CHORUS

Now some takes delight in the fishin' and the bowlin',
And some takes delight in the carriages a-rollin',
But me, I takes delight in the fruit of the barley,
And courtin' pretty women in the morning oh, so early. CHORUS

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN
Traditional

Am F C G
Close to Banbridge town in the county down,
Am F G
One morning in last July,
Am F C G
Down a boring green strolled a bold colleen,
Am F Am
And she smiled as she passed me by.
C G
Now she looked so neat from her two bare feet,
Am F G
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Am F C G
Such a coaxing elf, had to shake myself,
Am F Am
To be sure she was really there.

C G Am F G
CHORUS : And from Bantry Bay down to Derry Key, and from Dublin to London Town,
Am F C G Am F Am
No maid I've seen like the proud colleen that I met at the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I shook my head,
And I spoke with a feeling rare;
"Ah here," says I to a passer by,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
Well, he looks at me, and then says he,
"That's the pride of Dublin Town!
She's young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
She's our Star of the County Down!" CHORUS

At the Harvest Fair, she'll surely be there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
Then, I'll make sheep's eyes, and deluthering lies,
To the Star of the County Down,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Though my plow with rust turns brown,
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the Star of the County Down! CHORUS

WILD ROVER
Traditional

G C
I've been a wild rover for many a year,
G D7 G
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer.
C
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
G D7 G
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

D G C
CHORUS: And it's no, nay, never, no nay never no more,
G C G D7 G
Will I play the wild rover, no never, no more.

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked for a bottle; she answered me, "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day."

CHORUS

Then out of my pocket I took sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, "I have whiskies and wines of the best,
And the words that I said, sure, were only in jest."

CHORUS

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft-times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

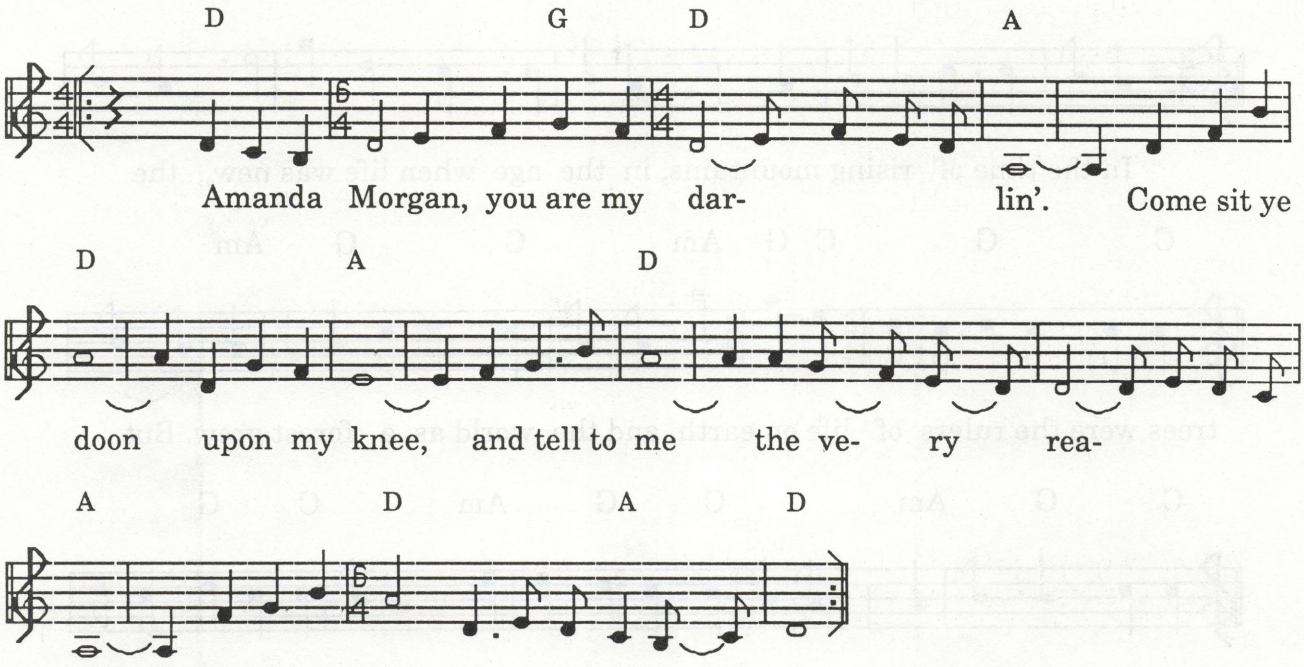
CHORUS

A verse for bards : I've played for my supper for many a year,
(S. Mize) My guitar has been good for much whiskey and beer.
But my hands are so tired, my throat is so sore,
That I never will play <u>The Wild Rover</u> no more.

AMANDA MORGAN

Lyrics © 1983 by Clifford (Kip) McMurray

Tune : Peggy Gordon (Traditional)


D G D A
Amanda Morgan, you are my dar- lin'. Come sit ye
D A D
doon upon my knee, and tell to me the ve- ry rea-
A D A D
son Why I am slight-ed so by thee.

D G D A D A
Amanda Morgan, you are my darlin', come sit ye doon upon my knee,
D A D A D
And tell to me the very reason why I am slighted so by thee.

I am in love — I cannot deny it. My heart lies troubled in my breast.
It's not for me to sing and shout it; a troubled heart can find no rest.

Than brother Ian there is none finer, yet am I not as fine as he?
Since we were children, my love unspoken was written plain for all to see.

I wish I was away on Mara, far across the starry sea,
Sailing over the deepest ocean, where love and care ne'er bother me.

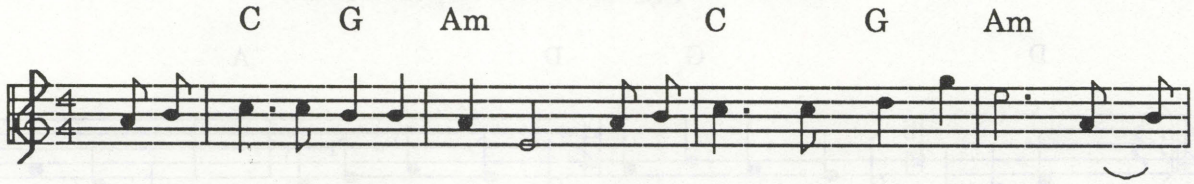
The girls of Mara, they are the fairest, but none shall e'er my heart enthrall.
I count them all as passing fancies; if not your love, then none at all.

They call me the bright twin and all men love me. Toward me all the girls incline.
But what shall profit the whole world's fondness without your hand to hold in mine?

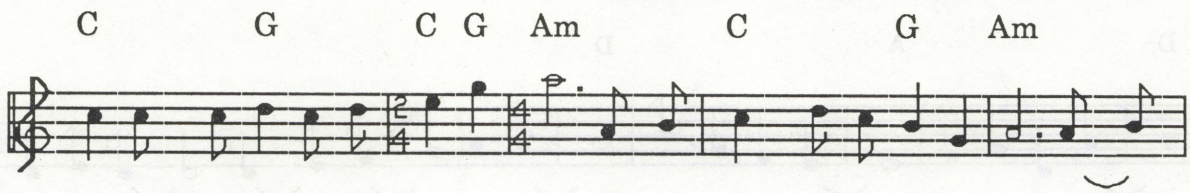
I wish I was in a lonely valley where womenkind could not be found.
Where all the small birds, they change their voices, and every moment a different sound.
(repeat first verse)

CARETAKERS

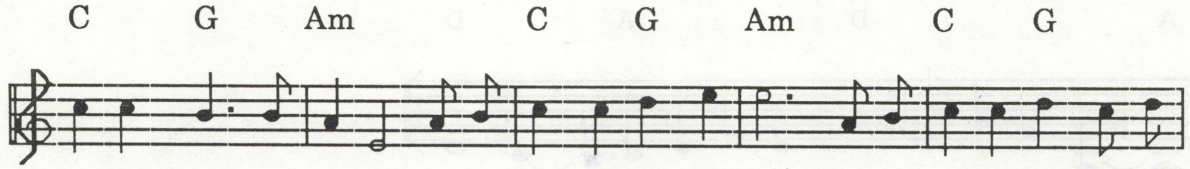
Lyrics and Tune @1985 by Bill Sutton



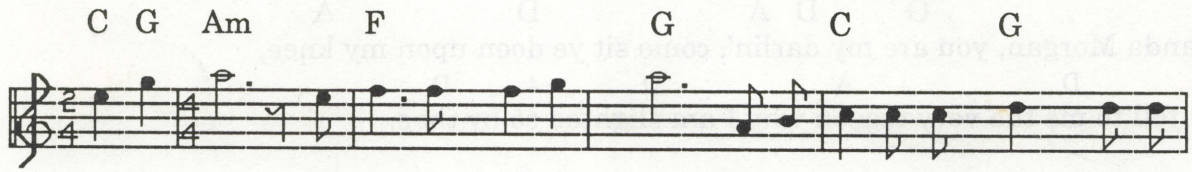
In the time of rising mountains, in the age when life was new, the



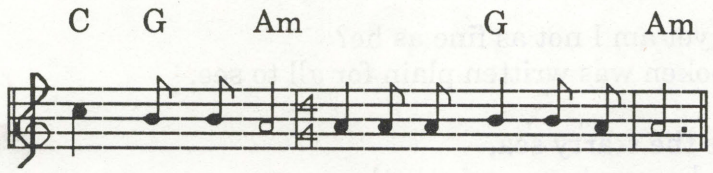
trees were the rulers of life on earth, and the world as a forest grew. But



new life found the forest, and a new life tore the land. So the dryad came to pro-



tect the wood, to stay the humans' hands. Singing I am the strength of the



heart and the root, I am the soul of the wood.

C G Am C G Am
In the time of rising mountains, in the age when life was new,
C G C G Am C G Am
The trees were the rulers of life on earth, and the world as a forest grew.
C G Am C G Am
But new life found the forest, and a new life tore the land.
C G C G Am F G
So the dryad came to protect the wood, to stay the humans' hands.

C G C G Am
CHORUS: Singing I am the strength of the heart and the root,
Am G Am
I am the soul of the wood.

In the time of ancient mountains, in an age no longer new,
A man walked into the hardwood grove with a chain saw and its crew.
He reached for the crippled oak tree and he waved his crew to start
When a vision left from the broken limb and pierced him through the heart.

CHORUS

She was Sun and Moon and Starlight, she was Earth and Sky and Sea,
She was everything that he'd ever loved and all that he wished to be.
And she sang of the elder forests and she sang of the rustling wind,
And her arms reached out from the jagged bark, reached out to pull him in

CHORUS

But the man pulled out an acorn and he held it to her eyes,
And he sang to her of birth and life that even an oak must die.
Then she knew that her tree had withered so she turned, no longer strong,
And she passed away while the chain saw roar drowned out her final song,

CHORUS

In the night under ancient mountains in the night under autumn sky,
A man looks down at a rotting stump, he shakes his head and sighs.
So he kneels to plant the acorn and he hears a quiet sound,
A sound of joy and the hope of spring the new life in the ground

CHORUS

CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

Lyrics © 1983 by Robin W. Bailey

Tune : Windmills

D G A
CHORUS : Around and around spin the stars as we travel,
D G D
Around and around turn the bright galaxies,
A G D
We are the children of Tomorrow's tomorrow,
A G D
We play on the shores of the ultimate sea.

D G A
I've picked a handful of Antarean starflowers,
D G D
And sniffed their bouquet in the light of red moons,
A G D
Their fragrance so airy fills my head with strange music,
A G D
I sway to the rhythm of ethereal tunes. CHORUS

I've swam in the oceans on Vega's third planet,
And rapped with the creatures that called it their home,
We sang and we splashed and we played until nightfall,
And slept in the lullybye rush of the foam. CHORUS

I've skimmed the edge of a black hole in Cygnus,
And played hide and seek in the Crab Nebula,
I've tamed and ridden Orion's dark stallion,
And wandered star meadows in Bopeculla. CHORUS

And I found a woman near vibrant Cappella,
She shone with a beauty of ten thousand suns,
We made love in the firelight of O'Reagers bright giant,
And scattered our children where the world comets run. CHORUS

And outward and outward forever we wander,
And outward we sail on the ultimate sea,
Frolicking, playing and laughing and singing,
At peace in the heart of a great mystery. CHORUS

DORSAI MASTERS OF WAR

Lyrics © 1984 by Robin W. Bailey
Tune : Masters of War

```
Em                  G        Em
Come you Masters of War come ready to fight
     G         Em          G      Em
Come star-faring warriors of invincible might
   G      Em       G           Em
So noble in battle and its honor you prize --
     G          D          C                Em
I just want you to know I can see through your lies.
```

You who've never done nothing but kill and destroy,
You play with my world like it's your little toy,
With a coin in the one hand, in the other a gun,
Do you ever look back at the evil you've done?

You fight for the money and whoever can pay.
The rich man will win and carry the day.
The poor man may struggle for freedom and die
Under the bloody boots of the Dorsai.

Men fall to your triggers, worlds go up in fire;
You sing about honor while the death-count goes higher,
You sing songs of glory while young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies and into the mud.

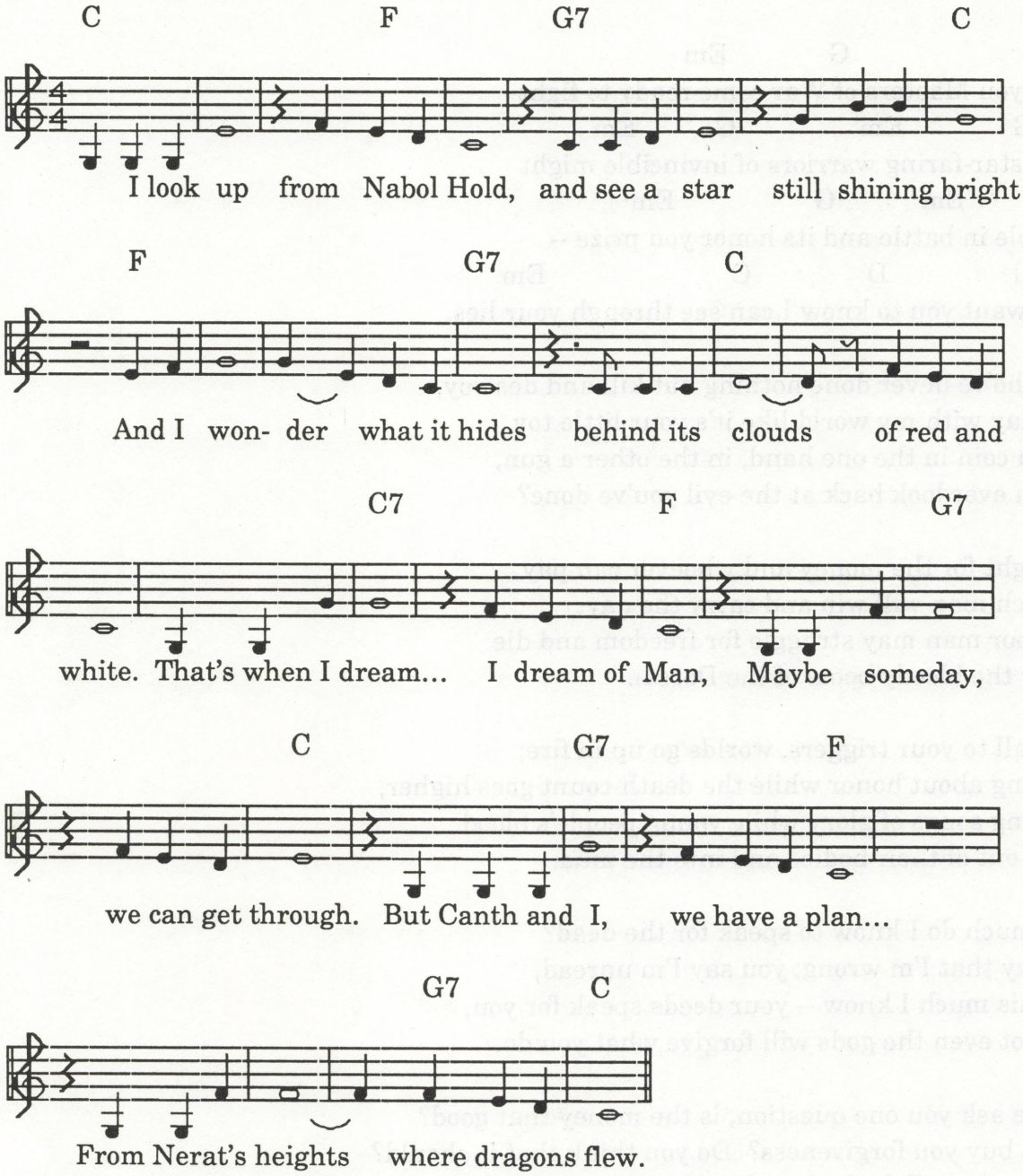
How much do I know to speak for the dead?
You say that I'm wrong; you say I'm unread,
But this much I know -- your deeds speak for you,
And not even the gods will forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question, is the money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness? Do you think that it should?
I think you will find when death takes its toll
All the money you've made will not buy back your soul.

Well, I hope that you die and your death will come soon.
I'll follow your coffin in the pale afternoon;
I'll watch while you're lowered down to your last bed,
And I'll stand by your grave til I'm sure that you're dead.

F'NOR'S SONG

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Bill Christmas


C F G7 C
I look up from Nabol Hold, and see a star still shining bright
F G7 C
And I won- der what it hides behind its clouds of red and
C7 F G7
white. That's when I dream... I dream of Man, Maybe someday,
C G7 F
we can get through. But Canth and I, we have a plan...
G7 C
From Nerat's heights where dragons flew.

C F G7 C
I look up from Nabol Hold, and see a star still shining bright
F G7 C
And I wonder what it hides behind its clouds of red and white.
C7 F
That's when I dream... I dream of Man
G7 C
Maybe someday we can get through.
C7 F
But Canth and I, we have a plan...
G7 C
From Nerat's heights where dragons flew.

That glowing pearl of dust and spore,
Death of many a dragon weyr...
Beautiful moon in a spectral dress!
Dragonmen still must fly when Thread fills the air!

But then... I dream... I dream of deeds -
My Canth - we must explore these starry seeds!
F'lar forgive my secret dreams...
From Nabol Hold, a dragon screams!

The cold of Between goes on for hours...
A desperate flight to save the pair,
The dragons all take to the skies, and join
To form a living stair.

And now, they dream, and think of nought
Such priceless knowledge, how dearly bought!
But for their dream this wretched night,
All Dragonkind still stay and FIGHT!

IT WON'T FLY, ORVILLE; OR: IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by C.J. Cherryh

Am E7
There was an ape impractical who could not climb a tree
Am
because he'd found a pair of rocks of great utility
E7
and having both his hands full he stood there miserably
E E7 E Am
while all the monkeys laughed at him and pointed and they'd say:
C G C G
Look at the fool, the funny, funny fool, it won't work,
C G Am E Am
stone's no good, you'll never climb the tree.
G Am E Am
And when the tiger comes along, he'll eat you, wait and see.
E7
But when the tiger came along, that ape he stood at bay
E Am
And got himself a striped suit, with pockets, yet, that day.

Well that ape lived and got a wife who pulled up a little weed
and she saw how it grew below all from this little seed.
So she set to saving back the seeds and eating just the leaves
the apes all thought her crazy and they pointed and they'd say
Look at the fool the funny funny fool, she's got it wrong,
seed's to eat, not bury in the ground
Just look at her, the stupid twit, her mind was never sound
But when the plants grew straight and tall, that wife she stood real proud,
and built herself a granary, no freeloaders allowed.

Now their kid was twice as nuts, he took himself a log
and floated down the river just to see beyong the jog.
He floated up the river too, and in and out the bogs
the whole town knew he was all wet; they pointed and they'd say
Look at the fool, the funny funny fool, he's got it wrong,
log's to burn, not go floating up and down
Just look at that, the useless nut, he's surely going to drown.
But when he'd got the hang of it, that boy he made a sail
He crossed the seas, found other folk and wrote down all their tales.

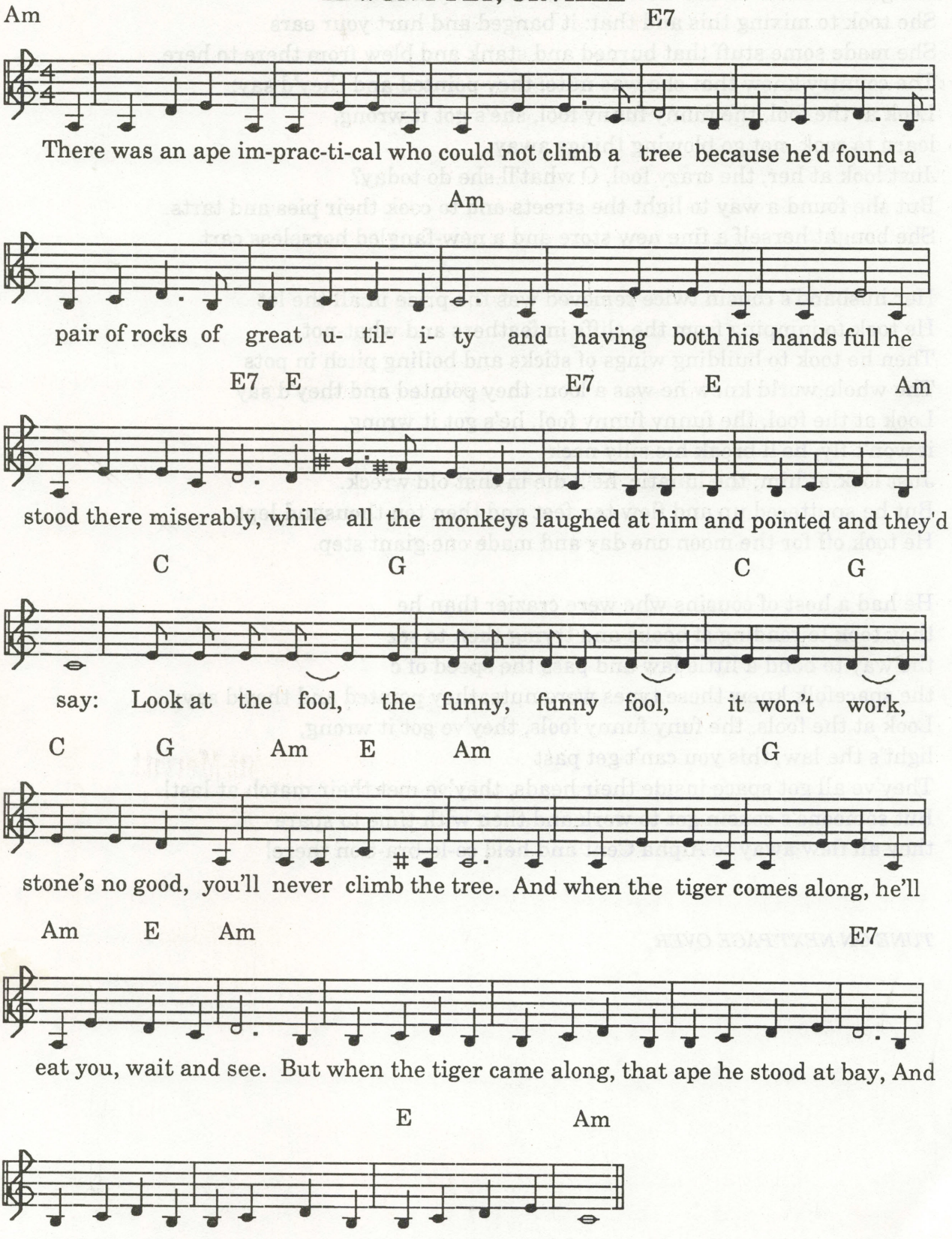
His grandniece was another case whose lunacy was clear
She took to mixing this and that: it banged and hurt your ears
She made some stuff that burned and stank and blew from there to here.
The country knew that she was nuts: they pointed and they'd say:
Look at the fool, the funny funny fool, she's got it wrong,
learn to cook, not go blowing things away
Just look at her, the crazy fool, O what'll she do today?
But she found a way to light the streets and to cook their pies and tarts.
She bought herself a fine new store and a new-fangled horseless cart.

Her husband's cousin twice removed was the prize in all the lot
He took to jumping from the cliffs in feathers and what-not.
Then he took to building wings of sticks and boiling pitch in pots
The whole world knew he was a loon: they pointed and they'd say
Look at the fool, the funny funny fool, he's got it wrong,
it won't fly, he'll break his silly neck
Just look at him, the lunatic, he'll die in that old wreck.
But he sputtered up and flew ten feet and then ten thousand lept
He took off for the moon one day and made one giant step.

He had a host of cousins whe were crazier than he
they took to reading sf books and trying then to see
the way to bend a little law and pass the speed of c
the spacefolk knew these types were nuts; they pointed and they'd say;
Look at the fools, the funy funny fools, they've got it wrong,
light's the law, this you can't get past
They've all got space inside their heads, they've met their match at last!
But someone's cousin got to work and then with time to spare
they all flew away to Alpha Cent and held ce-le-bra-tion there!

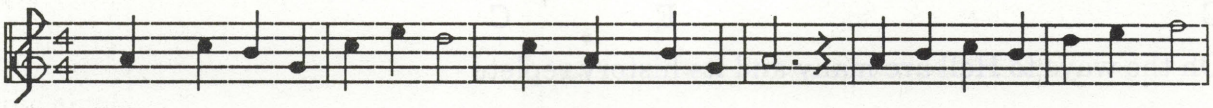
TUNE ON NEXT PAGE OVER

IT WON'T FLY, ORVILLE

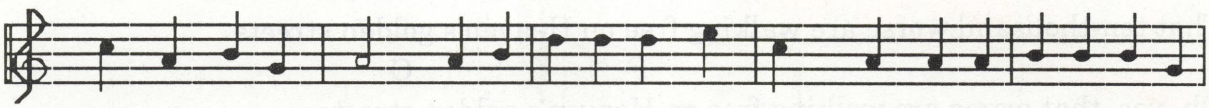

Am
E7
There was an ape im-prac-ti-cal who could not climb a tree because he'd found a
Am
pair of rocks of great u- til- i- ty and having both his hands full he
E7 E
E7
E
Am
stood there miserably, while all the monkeys laughed at him and pointed and they'd
C
G
C
G
say: Look at the fool, the funny, funny fool, it won't work,
C
G
Am
E
Am
G
stone's no good, you'll never climb the tree. And when the tiger comes along, he'll
Am
E
Am
E7
eat you, wait and see. But when the tiger came along, that ape he stood at bay, And
E
Am
got himself a striped suit, with pockets, yet, that day.

LADYHAWK

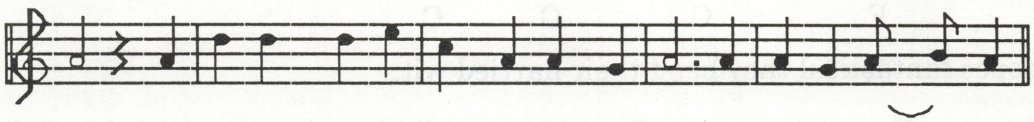
Lyrics © 1985 by Samuel Mize and Scott Merritt
Tune © 1985 by Scott Merritt

Am G C Dm Am G Am C D F

Hawk flies in the sunlit sky, wolf howls at the moon. Lovers far yet e'er so nigh,

Am Em Am Dm Am Em



curse the Bishop's doom. For the evil one has bound them in a trap of hateful

Am Dm Am Em Am

spite; A bishop's soul is price enough to call the powers of night.

Am G C Dm Am G Am
Hawk flies in the sunlit sky, wolf howls at the moon.
Am C D F Am Em Am
Lovers far yet e'er so nigh, curse the Bishop's doom.

Am Dm Am Em Am
CHORUS: For the Evil One has bound them in a trap of hateful spite;
Dm Am Em Am
A bishop's soul is price enough to call the powers of night.

Hawk soars in the sunlit sky, rises with morn's light.
Rends the heart to hear her cry, keening in her flight.
Upon the setting of the sun, a Lady takes her place,
A broken heart they share as one; sorrow's in her face. CHORUS

Wolf howls at the setting sun, calling for its mate.
But solitary it must run; for animals can't hate.
And at the sunrise there's a man, aching for a wife.
He must hold a hawk instead, and seek the bishop's life. CHORUS

Hawk flies in the sunlit sky, wolf howls at the moon.
Moon and sun must stand as one, to break the bishops doom.
The man and woman face their foe, within the House of God
He dies there knowing he has failed, and sold his soul for naught.

CHORUS: For the Holy One has freed the from a trap of hateful spite.
Not all the forces hell contains can overcome love's light.

MACHIAVEL

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by C.J. Cherryh

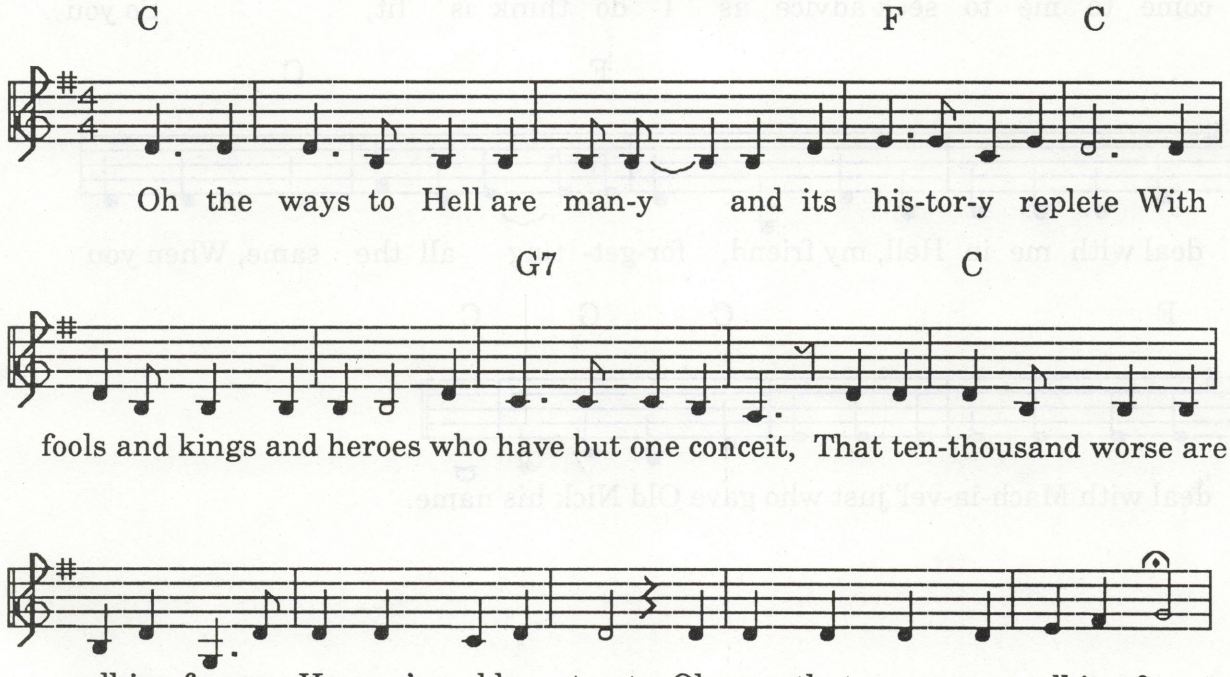
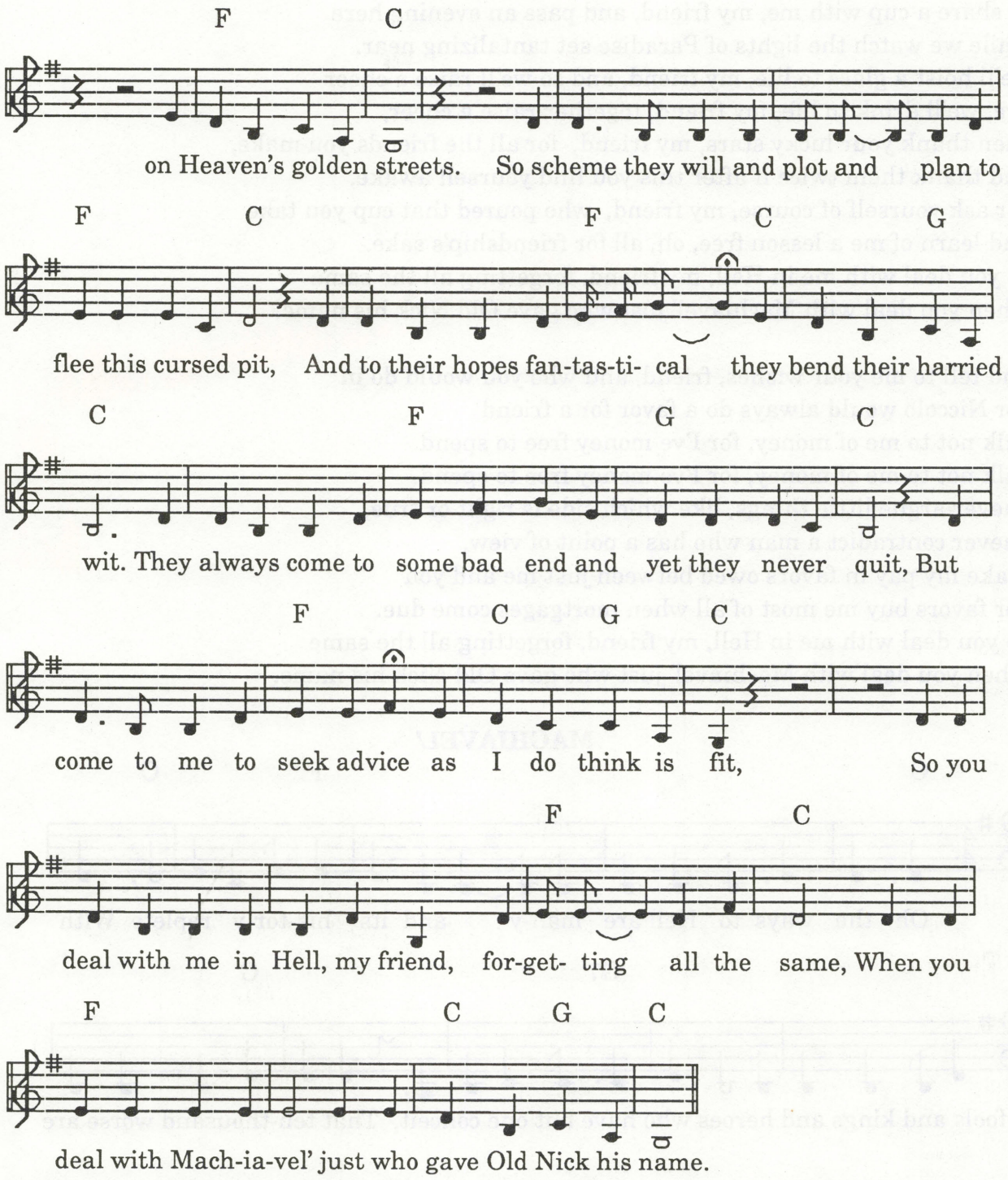
C F C
Oh the ways to Hell are many and its history replete
G7
With fools and kings and heroes who have but one conceit
C
That ten-thousand worse are walking free on Heaven's golden streets
F C
Oh, yes, that worse are walking free on Heaven's golden streets.
F C
So scheme they will and plot and plan to flee this cursed pit
F C G C
And to their hopes fantastical they bend their harried wit.
F G C
They always come to some bad end and yet they never quit
F C G C
But come to me to seek advice as I do think is fit,
F C
So you deal with me in Hell, my friend, forgetting all the same
F C G C
When you deal with Machiavel' just who gave Old Nick his name.

There are those who think it's politics and enemies suspect
Beneath each leaf and bush in Hell and they might be correct;
Why, I'd never disbelieve in such or good advice reject;
No, I'd never disbelieve in that or good advice reject,
For can you tell by watching me I'm not also watching you
And who can say what I might plan or yet what I might do?
And if you knew that half the things I told to you were true,
Why, could you say which half of them-- or how much more I knew?
So you deal with me in Hell, my friend, forgetting all the same
When you deal with Machiavel' just who gave Old Nick his name.

So share a cup with me, my friend, and pass an evening here
While we watch the lights of Paradise set tantalizing near.
We'll hoist a glass to life, my friend, and so we'll raise a cheer
Aye, we'll drink to life, my friend, together raise a cheer,
Then thank your lucky stars, my friend, for all the friends you make,
And thank them twice if after this you find yourself awake,
For ask yourself of course, my friend, who poured that cup you take
And learn of me a lesson free, oh, all for friendship's sake.
So you deal with me in Hell, my friend, forgetting all the same
When you deal with Machiavel' just who gave Old Nick his name.

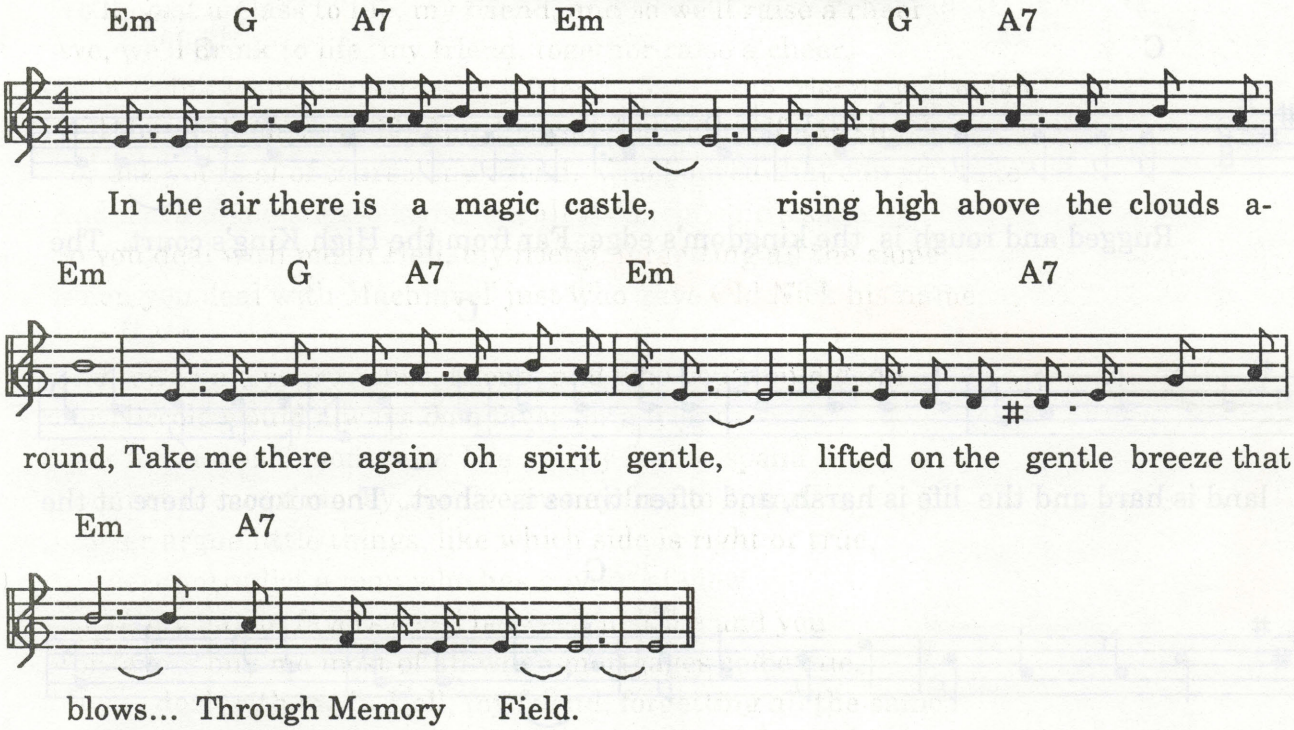
And tell to me your wishes, friend, and who you would do in
For Niccolo would always do a favor for a friend
Talk not to me of money, for I've money free to spend
Talk not to me of money, for I've money free to spend.
I never argue little things, like which side is right or true,
I never contradict a man who has a point of view,
I take my pay in favors owed between just me and you
For favors buy me most of all when mortgages come due.
So you deal with me in Hell, my friend, forgetting all the same
When you deal with Machiavel' just who gave Old Nick his name.

MACHIAVEL'


C
F
C
Oh the ways to Hell are man-y and its his-tor-y replete With
G7
C
fools and kings and heroes who have but one conceit, That ten-thousand worse are
walking free on Heaven's golden streets, Oh, yes, that worse are walking free

F C
on Heaven's golden streets. So scheme they will and plot and plan to
F C F C G
flee this cursed pit, And to their hopes fan-tas-ti- cal they bend their harried
C F G C
wit. They always come to some bad end and yet they never quit, But
F C G C
come to me to seek advice as I do think is fit, So you
F C
deal with me in Hell, my friend, for-get- ting all the same, When you
F C G C
deal with Mach-ia-vel' just who gave Old Nick his name.

MEMORY FIELD

Words & Music: Jon Gentry


Em G A7 Em G A7
In the air there is a magic castle, rising high above the clouds a-
Em G A7 Em A7
round, Take me there again oh spirit gentle, lifted on the gentle breeze that
Em A7
blows... Through Memory Field.

Em G A7 Em G A7 Em
In the air there is a magic castle, rising high above the clouds around,
Em G A7 Em A7 Em
Take me there again oh spirit gentle, lifted on the gentle breeze that blows...
A7
Through Memory Field.

Cares and worries, troubles have no place there, nothing to disturb the peace profound,
Chivalry, honesty and valor, thrive upon the rich rich soil...
Of Memory Field.

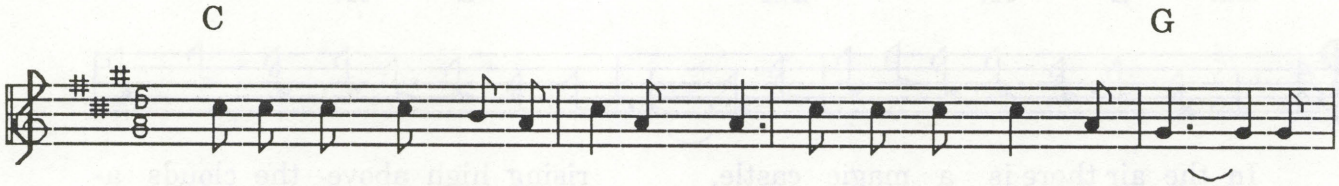
Come with me, oh young of heart and children, drawing near we hear the trumpets sound,
Iron gates give way to eager travellers, opening on the wondrous sights...
Of Memory Field.

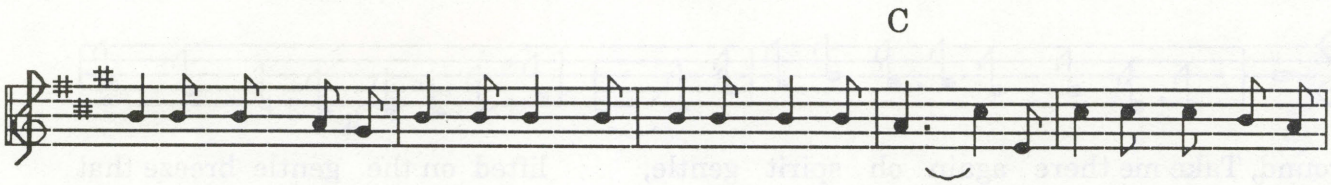
Kings and queens, knights and noble ladies, dance as flutes and strings give off their sound,
Silk and satins, royal purple mingle, dancing in the lilting airs that sound...
Through Memory Field.

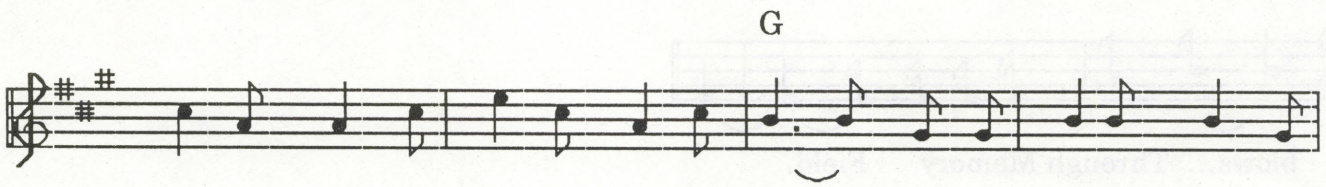
Every guest soon finds a place among them, seated at the feasting that goes on,
Some say that this world has lost its grandeur, such a one was never touched by dreams...
Of Memory Fields... of Memory Fields...

MEN OF THE BORDER

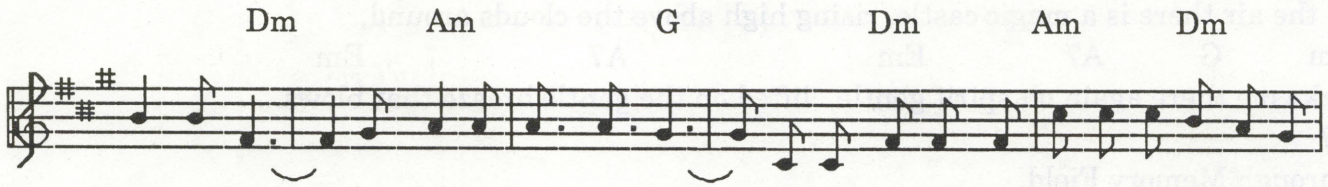
Lyrics and Tune © 1984 by Charles Davis & Ron Snow



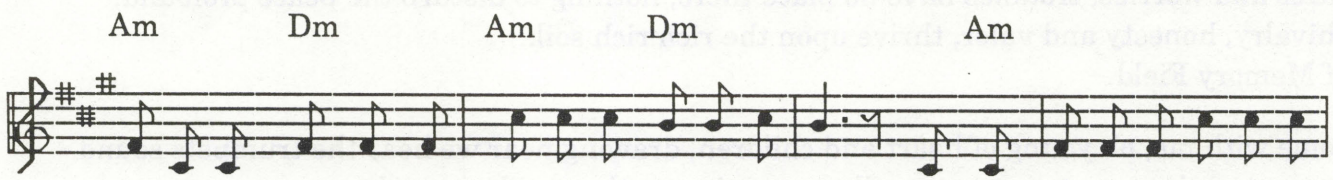
Rugged and rough is the kingdom's edge, Far from the High King's court. The

land is hard and the life is harsh, and often times is short. The outpost there at the



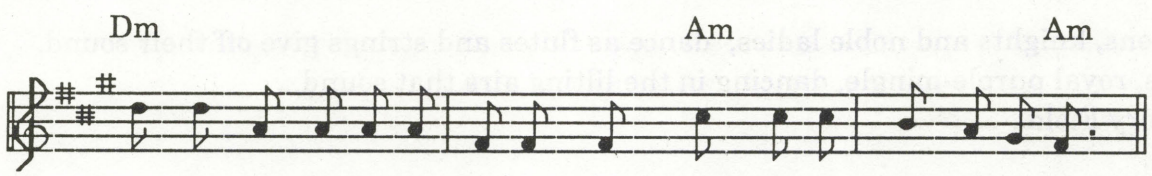
kingdom's edge, is first to taste the steel, but the border men will



bear the brunt and die before they yield. So our laughter is longer and louder than



most, and the mead we drink faster than ever it's poured, For the men of the Border have



found that the dancing is sweetest when danced on the edge of a sword.

C G
Rugged and rough is the kingdom's edge, far from the High King's court,
C
The land is hard and the life is harsh, and often times is short,
G
The outpost there at the kingdom's edge, is first to taste the steel,
Dm Am G
But the Border men will bear the brunt, and die before they yield.

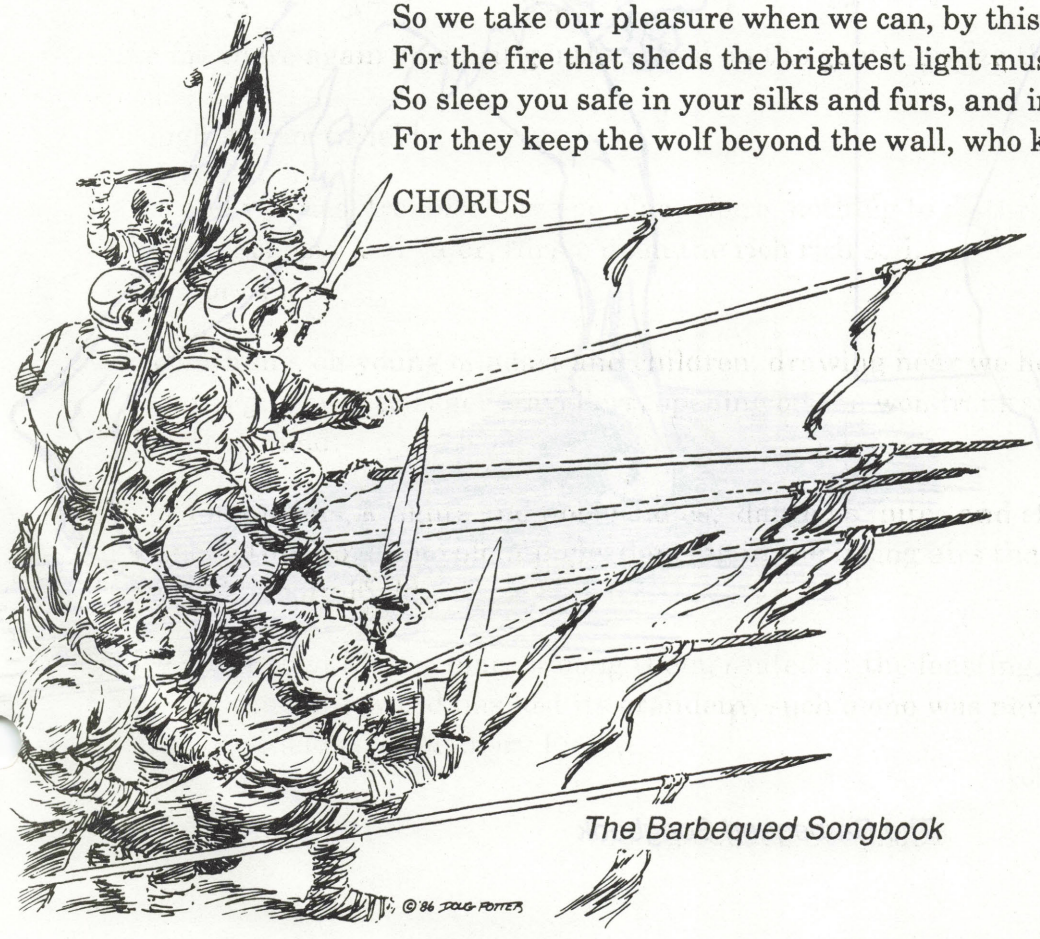
G Dm Am Dm Am
CHORUS: So our laughter is longer and louder than most,
Dm Am Dm
And the mead we drink faster than ever it's poured,
Am Dm
For the men of the Border have found that the dancing
Am Dm Am
Is sweetest when danced on the edge of a sword.

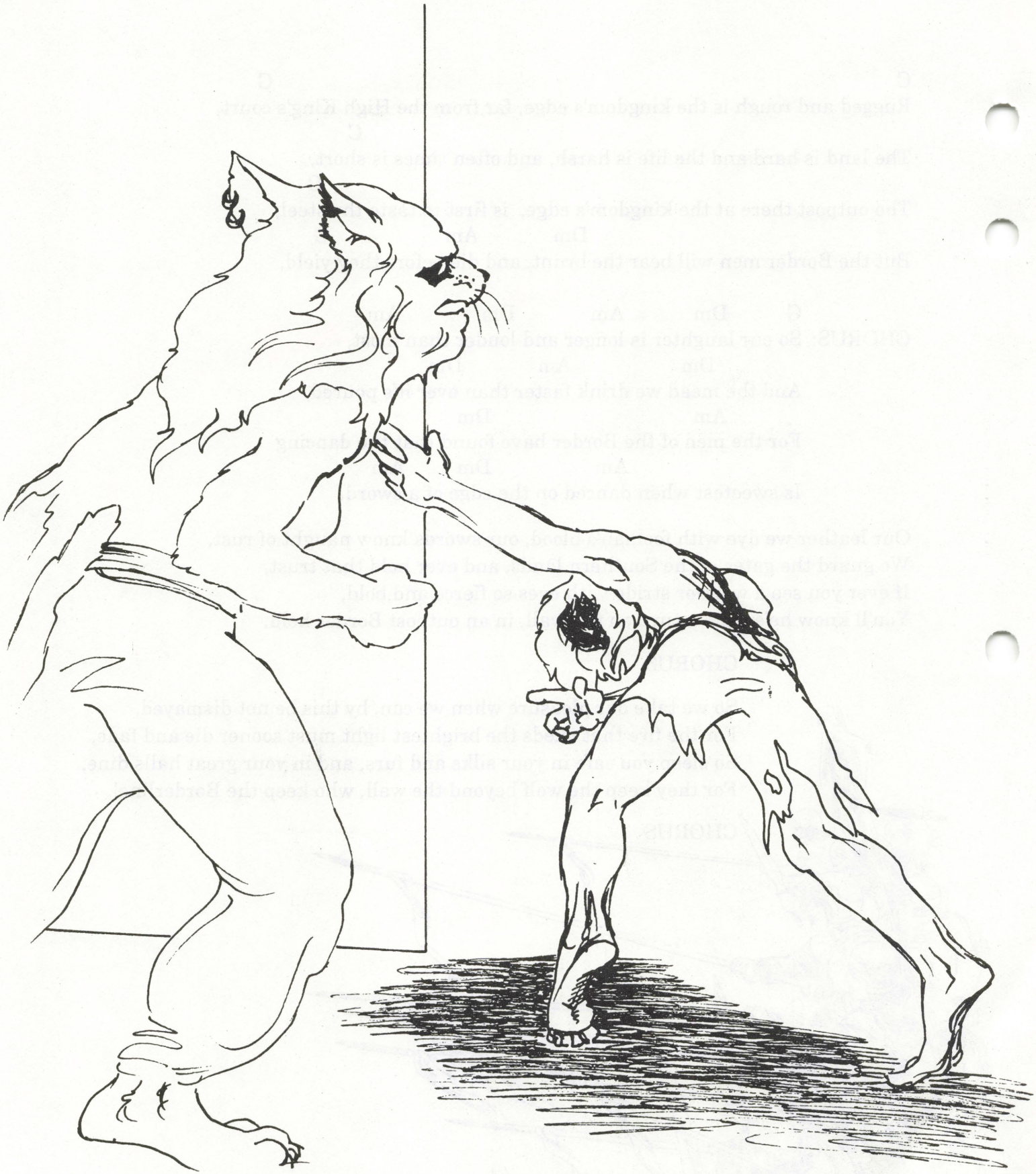
Our leather we dye with foeman's blood, our swords know naught of rust,
We guard the gates of the Southern lands, and ever hold that trust,
If ever you see a warrior stride with eyes so fierce and bold,
You'll know he's done a turn on the wall, in an outpost Border hold.

CHORUS

So we take our pleasure when we can, by this be not dismayed.
For the fire that sheds the brightest light must sooner die and fade,
So sleep you safe in your silks and furs, and in your great halls dine,
For they keep the wolf beyond the wall, who keep the Borderline!

CHORUS





PRIDE OF CHANUR

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Leslie Fish

```
          A          G       A D              C          E
CHORUS: We are the Pride of Chanur, glossy of eye fang and fur
              A         F              G         E
        Our fame is unblemished, our ship is the best,
             A        G          A
        for we are the Pride of Chanur.

A                C                G              E
Our eartufts are gleaming with rings of bright gold,
    A         F          D          E
Our dress is as rich as the goods in our hold,
      A                          C
Yet we pause on the ramp for a moment in shock
   G                             E
To see the strange creature that bolts from the dock
  A          D                G                   E
It dodges our claws and leaps straight through the lock
     A       G          A
Right into the Pride of Chanur.                    CHORUS
```

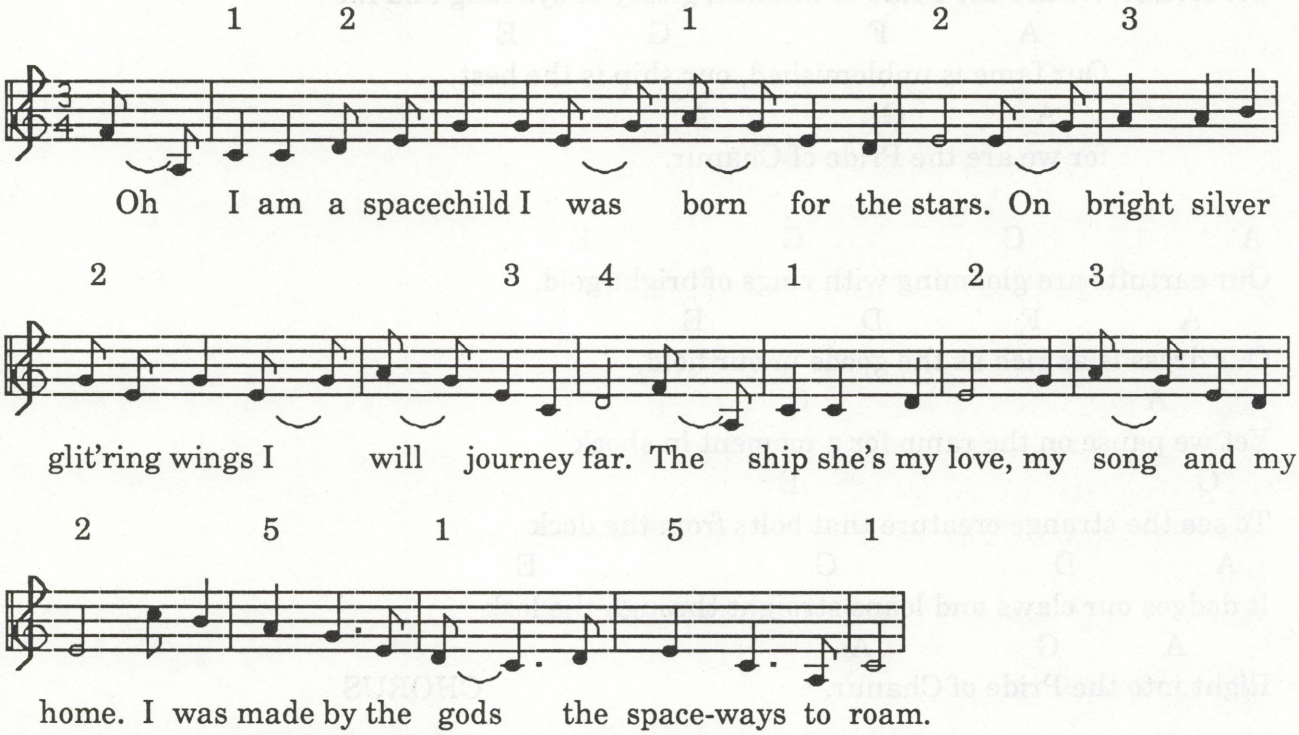
Now this is no beast for it knows where to run
knows when it's trapped, recognizes a gun,
Despite signs of hunger and holes in its hide
It stands to defy us, with true haughty pride
Then writes unknown letters in the blood from its side
On the deck of the Pride of Chanur. CHORUS

Now this is a prize and a mystery to track
And here come the kif-thieves demanding it back
Now should we give over and meekly obey
Once more let the pirates of kif have their way
They've robbed us before, they'll not win today
No deal from the Pride of Chanur. CHORUS

They fired on the station the jump-point and more
They're halting all trade and they're starting a war
Great Gods how enormous the trouble has grown
For the sake of one male of species unknown
Would we have done better to leave him alone
Hell no! Not the Pride of Chanur. CHORUS

SPACECHILD LOST

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Anne Prather

Guitar Tuning: 5-G, 4-C, 2-C

1 2 1 2 3
Oh I am a spacechild I was born for the stars. On bright silver
2 3 4 1 2 3
glit'ring wings I will journey far. The ship she's my love, my song and my
2 5 1 5 1
home. I was made by the gods the space-ways to roam.

1 2 1 2
Oh I am a spacechild, I was born for the stars.
3 2 3 4
On bright silver glit'ring wings I will journey far.
1 2 3 2
The ship she's my love, my song and my home.
5 1 5 1
I was made by the gods the spaceways to roam.

Oh I am a star pilot trained and taught
And flight is my life-need, it measures each thought;
The spacewind's my joy, her courses my pride;
It's my pleasure and sorrow the starwave to ride.

Once I had a lover but now he is gone.
He could not hear the wild call that drove me on;
My heart sang in sorrow, but by then 'twas too late;
I could never return, he'd no cause to wait.

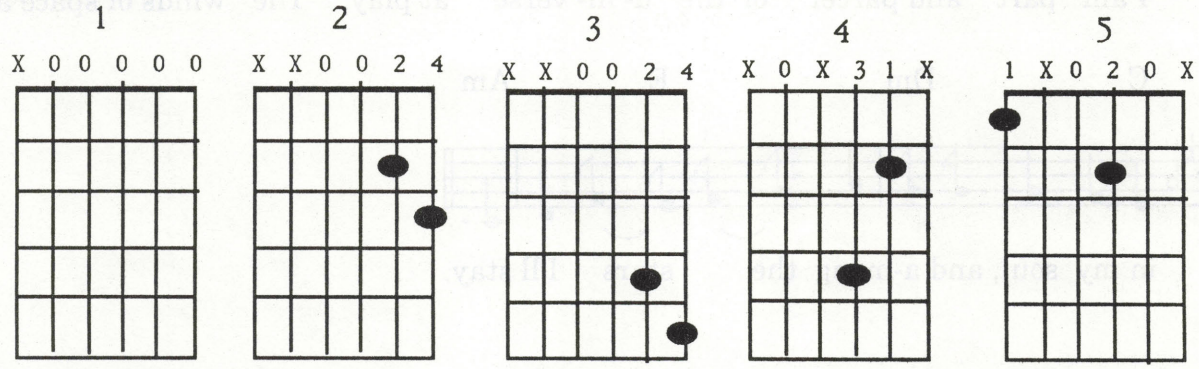
But he waited at dockside in Radiant's fair town
For my stardancing spaceship to wing her way down;
He pleaded, saying "Love, without you I'll die."
I said not a word but looked at the sky.

My love turned and walked into the heavy dark night
His head bent in sorrow, his shoulders hunched in fright.
On the first jump out from Radiant, a wild haunting cry
Filled the ship with a death-song as we soared through the sky.

He'd hidden in the drive room where there's no way to escape
And no way I would find him till it was too late.
The drive song's pure beauty and the drive song is death;
My love heard the ship's song with the last of his breath.

So my ship took my lover and now I'm alone
As the gods have ordained it the spaceways to roam;
The ship's song and the spacewind will bear me company
It's a sad life but joyous on the wide endless sea.

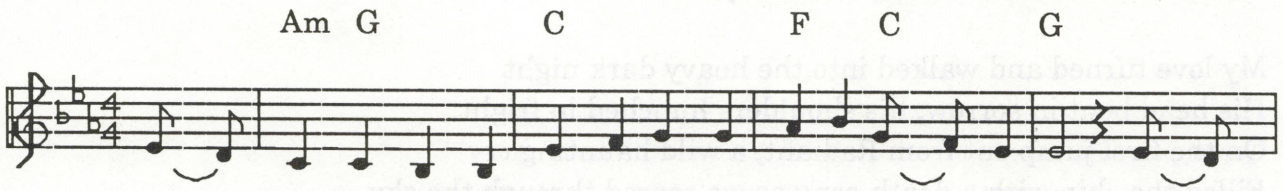
CHORDS:

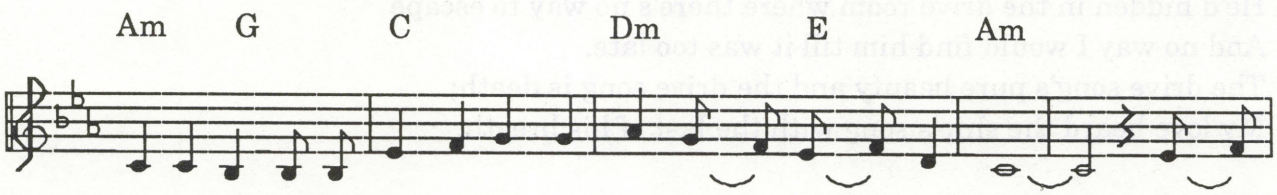


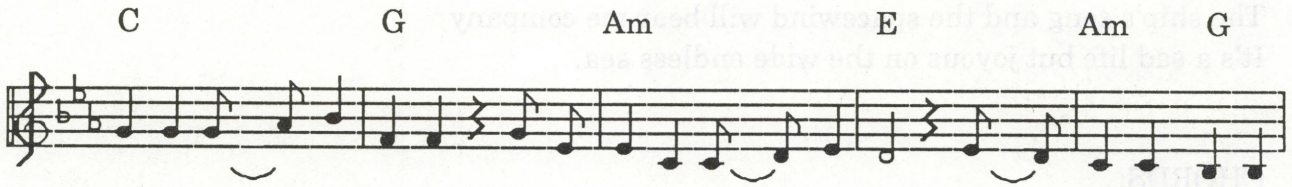
STAR PILOT'S HYMN

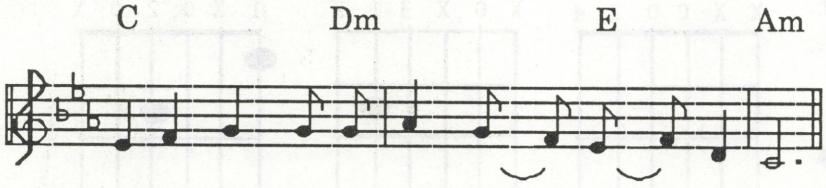
Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Anne Prather

(Guitar Capo 3)







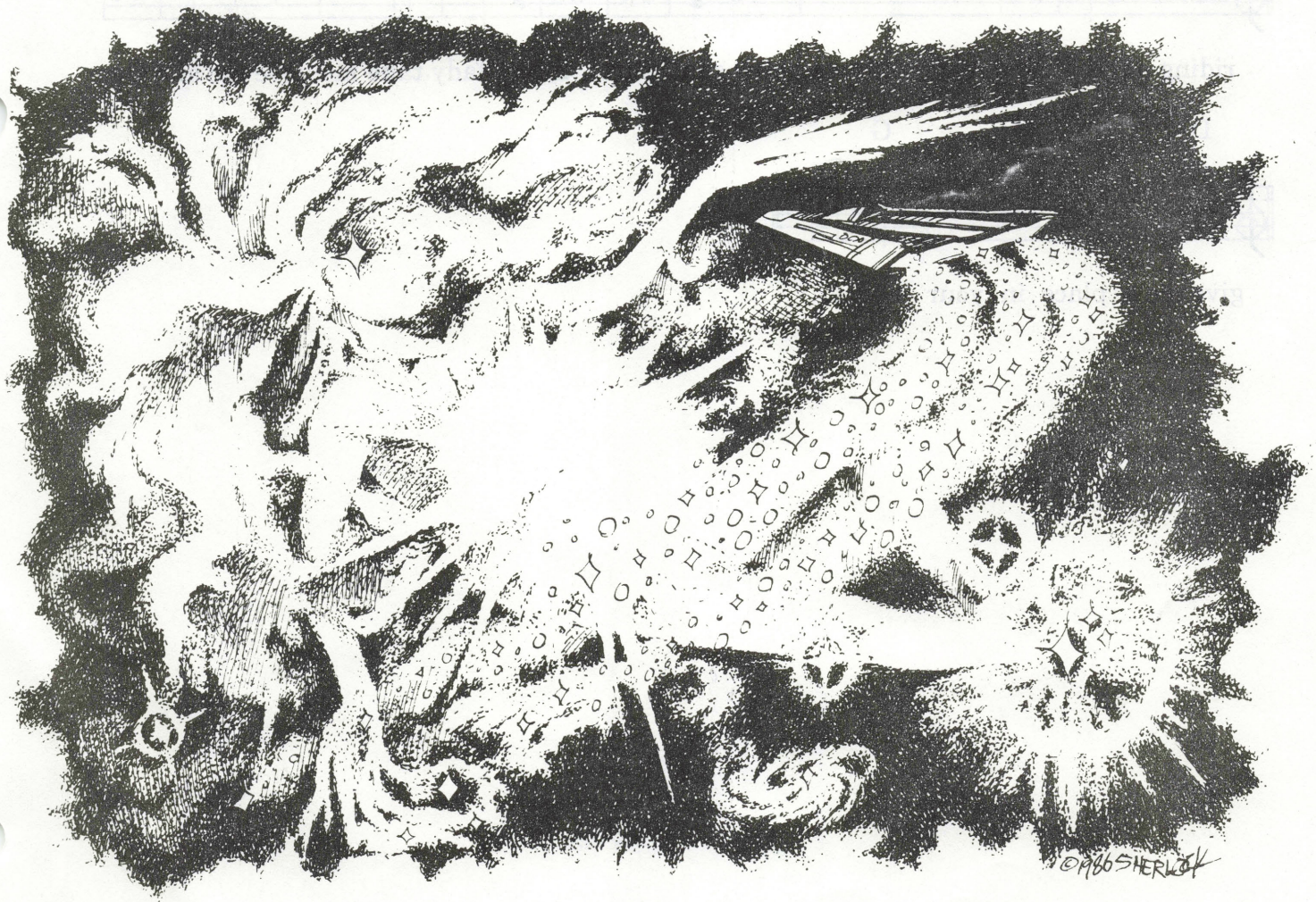


Am G C F C G
My star - ship rides on wings of joy her myriad courses round.
Am G C Dm E Am
The galax - y and her suns so free with mystic song resound.
C G Am E
And I am part and parcel of the universe at play.
Am G C
The winds of space are in my soul,
Dm E Am
And among the stars I'll stay.

I know no love but in her arms; No one may claim my soul
The love I bear for my ship so fair, is all that keeps me whole.
And I'll take no human lover, save one who knows full well
That I love the stars and the song they sing
More than human words can tell.

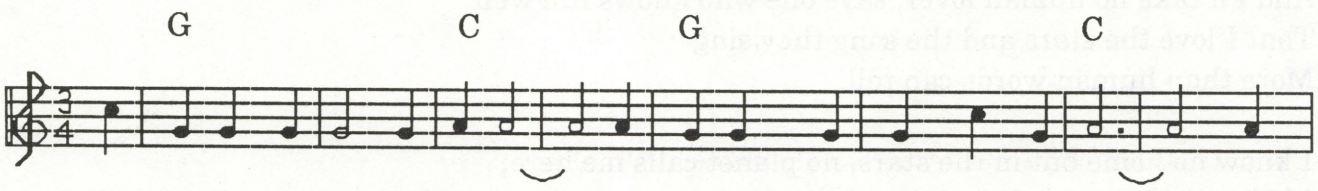
I know no home but in the stars, no planet calls me here;
My home is space, whose joy and grace, cast out my remnant fear.
And though the primal calling, of Earth my be quite strong;
Though I may long for Earth, I've been called since birth
By the stars' sweet haunting song.

I am free in space and time. Eternity's my friend;
Though my heart may cease her living beat, my life will never end.
My spirit joins the chorus of the Universe at play;
The winds of space are my time and place
And among the stars I'll stay.

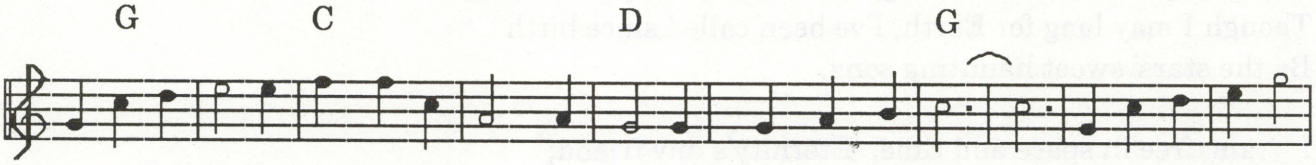


SWEET LADY

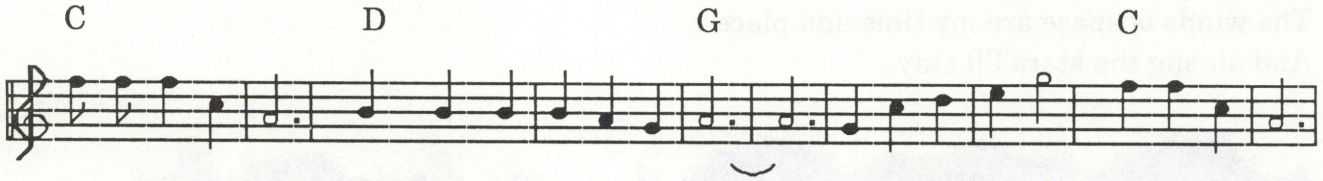
Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Charles Davis



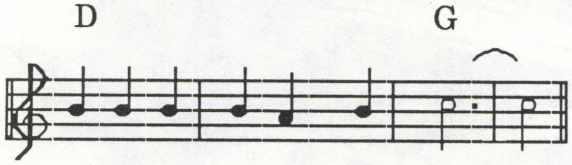
The battle to- day is o - ver, my brothers find peace for the night, but



I, battle-weary, cold and in pain, can find no peace from the fight. Sweet lady take me



riding on the wind, now that we never shall part. Sweet lady take me, love me and then



give me a place in your heart.

G C G C
The battle today is over, my brothers find peace for the night,
G C D G
But I, battle-weary, cold and in pain, can find no peace from the fight.
G C D G

CHORUS : Sweet Lady, take me riding on the wind, now that we never shall part.
C D G
Sweet Lady, take me, love me and then give me a place in your heart.

From the battlements first I saw her, the maiden with long hair of gold,
The moon shone so softy in her eyes, it instantly captured my soul.

CHORUS

The vision of her was so lovely, an aura of love and desire,
The longing I felt, yes, hunger and need, made reason melt in the fire.

CHORUS

She whispered to me, "Come hither, I'll give you love, ease your pain."
The promise of peace, rest and sweet love, refusal was naught but in vain.

CHORUS

Lovingly held to her bosom, embraced by a chill in her hold,
Looking back to my brothers, that's when I saw, my body, run through, lying cold.

CHORUS

VISITOR

Lyrics & Tune © 1985 by C.J. Cherryh

Am C G Am
Welcome, o stranger, come sit down and rest here
C G E7 Am
Such old stones so timelost are void of all passion.
F Am G Am
Drink your fill, starman, and rest in the shade here.
G E7 E Am
Dead stones a lost race so long ago fashioned.
G E7 E Am
Ruins a lost race so long ago fashioned.

Am Em Am Em C G C G
Trace the words with careful fingers: "Graven stone outlasts the living.
Am Em Am Em Am
Yet past the mem'ry something lingers."

Traveler, do you now shiver by daylight?
Say, can you doubt now the tales that here have been?
But whatever harm could befall you by sunlight?
Come further, starman, see what you've not seen.
Follow down paths such as your kind have not seen.

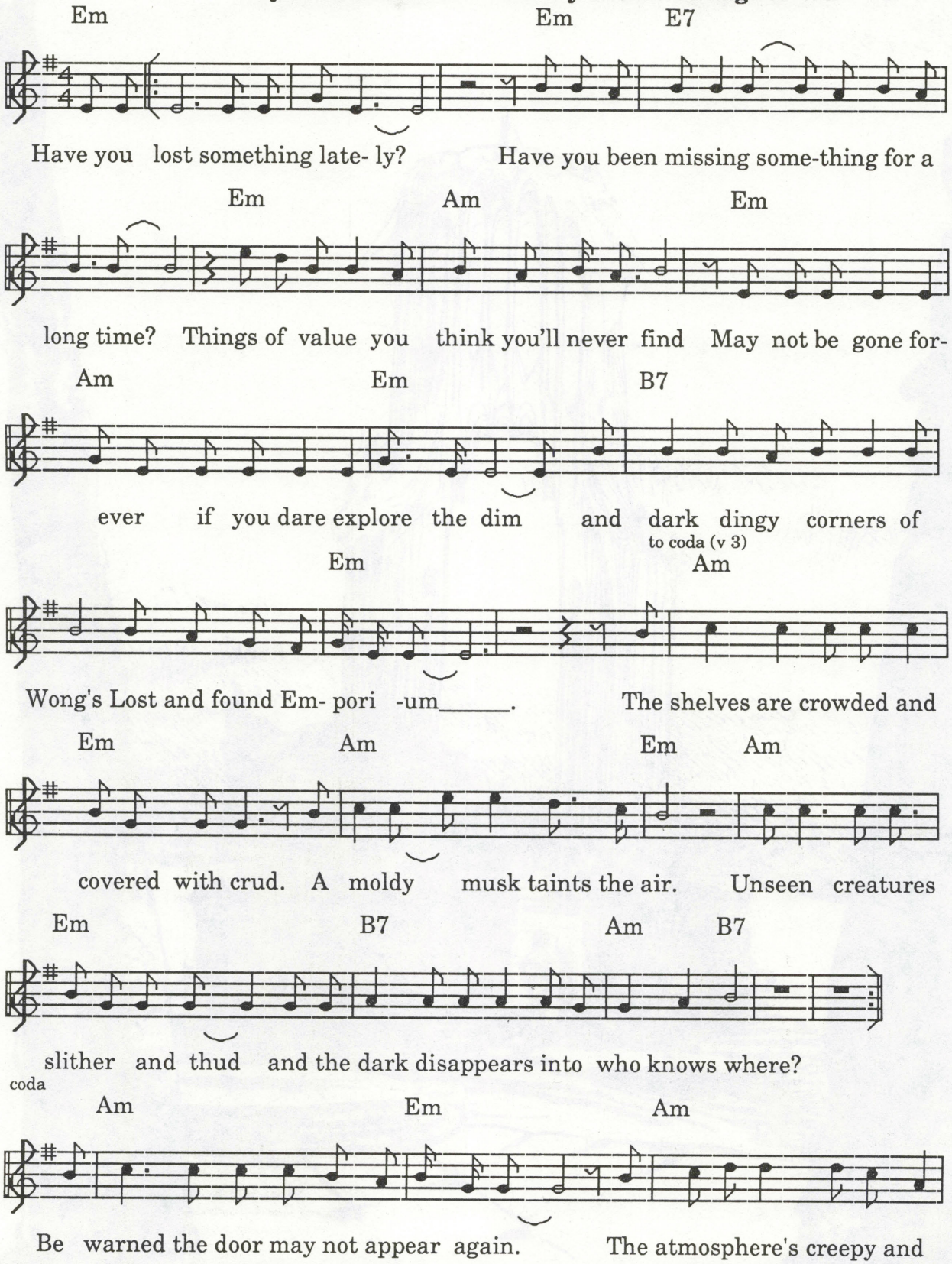
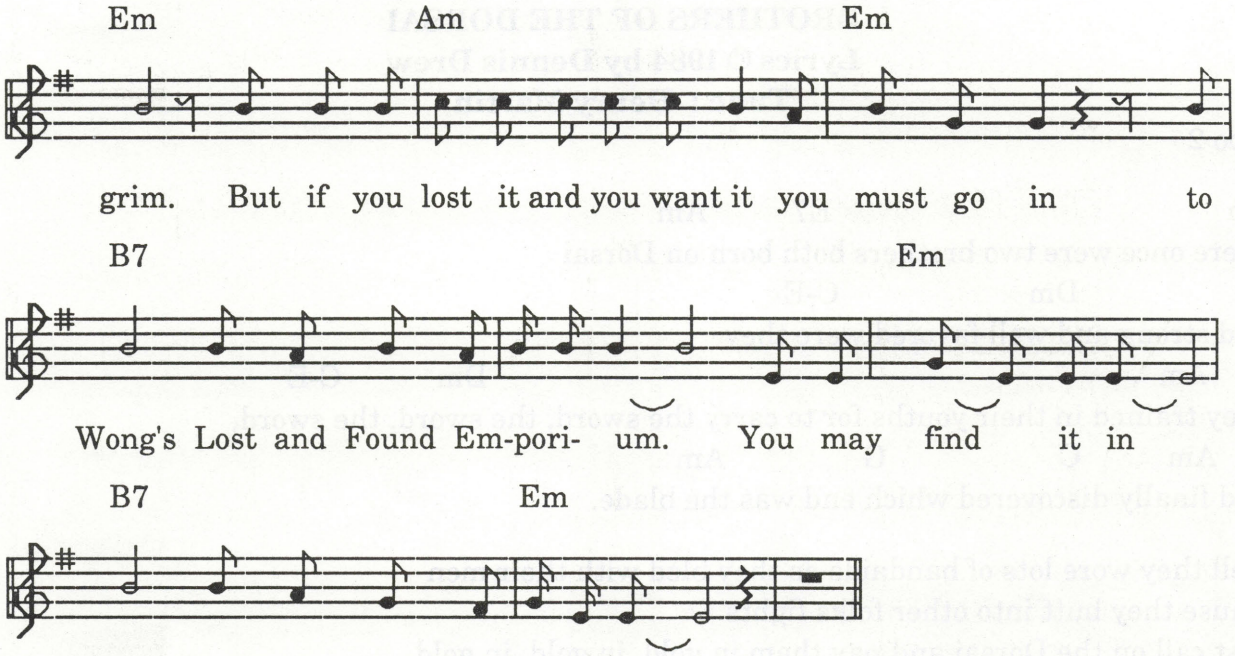
Still do you doubt me, o wandering starman?
Can you fear stones and such small ones as I be?
Small shadow walking in your sunlight, starman.
Give me a coin and so cheaply I'll show ye.
One marvel remains here that I still must show ye.

What liknesses these that in tall carven stone stand,
Likeness to me in these stones shaped and carved here?
O starman, truly now, how could our small hands
shape stones like these or have builded such walls here?
O enter the gates and discover what waits here.

Am Em Am Em C G C G
Trace the words with careful fingers: "Graven stone outlasts the living.
Am Em Am Em
Yet past the mem'ry something lingers.
Am G Am Em Am G Am G Am
Our death is long and unforgiving, patient, dark, and unforgiving."

WONG'S LOST AND FOUND EMPORIUM

Lyrics and Music © 1983 by Diana Gallagher-Wu


Em
Em E7
Have you lost something late- ly? Have you been missing some-thing for a
Em Am Em
long time? Things of value you think you'll never find May not be gone for-
Am Em B7
ever if you dare explore the dim and dark dingy corners of
to coda (v 3)
Em Am
Wong's Lost and found Em- pori -um_____. The shelves are crowded and
Em Am Em Am
covered with crud. A moldy musk taints the air. Unseen creatures
Em B7 Am B7
slither and thud and the dark disappears into who knows where?
coda
Am Em Am
Be warned the door may not appear again. The atmosphere's creepy and

Em Am Em
grim. But if you lost it and you want it you must go in to
B7 Em
Wong's Lost and Found Em-pori- um. You may find it in
B7 Em
Wong's Lost and Found Em- pori- um.

Em E7
Have you lost something lately? Have you been missing something for a long time?
Em Am Em Am Em
Things of value you think you'll never find may not be gone forever if you dare explore
B7 Em
The dim and dark dingy corridors of Wong's Lost and Found Emporium.
Am Em Am Em
The shelves are crowded and covered with crud. A moldy musk taints the air.
Am Em B7 Am B7
Unseen creatures slither and thud and the dark disappears into who knows where?

Have you lost an opportunity? A vital part of your personality,
Car keys, odd socks, balance or diet may not be gone forever if you dare explore
The dim and dark dingy corridors of Wong's Lost and Found Emporium.
A spot of white shows the keeper where your lost possessions are stored.
But you can't return what you claim take care, you might get more than you bargained for.

Destinies and unfolding furry things, undelivered mail and diamond rings,
Bottled souls, talents swimming in slime may not be gone forever if you dare explore
The dim and dark dingy corridors of Wong's Lost and Found Emporium.
Be warned the door might not appear again; the atmosphere's creepy and grim.
Am Em B7
But if you lost it and want it you must go in to Wong's Lost and Found Emporium.
Em B7 Em
You may find it in Wong's Lost and Found Emporium.

BROTHERS OF THE DORSAI
Lyrics © 1984 by Dennis Drew
Tune : Henry Martin

capo 2

Am E7 Am
There once were two brothers both born on Dorsai
Dm C-E
And strong and well favored were they
Am Dm C-E
They trained in their youths for to carry the sword, the sword, the sword,
Am C G Am
And finally discovered which end was the blade.

Well they wore lots of bandaids as they bled with their men
'Cause they butt into other folks fights
Just call on the Dorsai and pay them in gold, in gold, in gold
It doesn't matter who's wrong or who's right.

Well the star road was waiting and it bore them to war
No matter the reason was lame
For Kensie and Ian these two men of war, men of war, men of war
Lived only to murder and pillage and main.

Now the battle had ended on far St. Marie
And bodies were scattered and dead
When after the battle a well fired shot, fired shot, fired shot
Plastered Kensie right in the head.

When Ian found out what had happened that day
and learned that his brother was slain
A thought deep within him lit up like a light, like a light, like a light
Here's a good reason to murder and maim.

Well he marched on down like Sgt. Rock and got himself trapped
Encircled by a legion or two
But Ian walked out of that battle alone, all alone, all alone
Amazing what a proton disrupter can do.

Now Kensie and Ian are gathered to rest
And with all of their brothers they lie
For one day the universe realized its plight, its plight, its plight
And got rid of the threat of Dorsai.

COLD PLASTIC

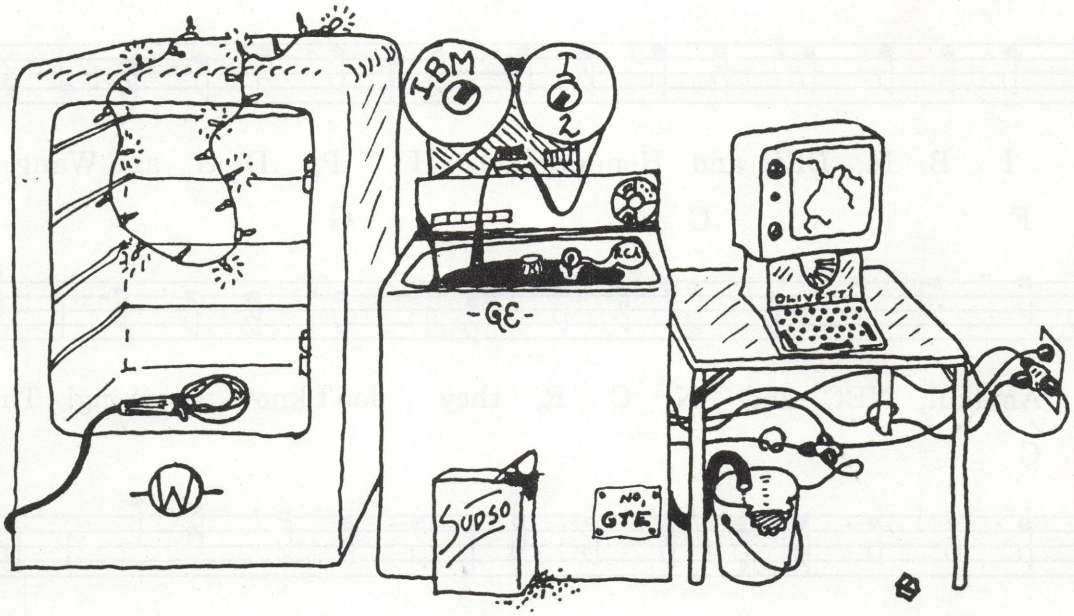
Lyrics © 1987 by Samuel Mize
Tune : Cold Iron

Am D
Gold is for the Huckster, silver for him too,
F G Am
Copper for the Taxman (we don't tell how well we do).
F Dm F G
"These do delight me," goes the merchants' call,
Am G Am C G Am
"But plastic, cold plastic, is the master of them all."

Coins have weight and volume, you can't bring a lot;
Currency is better, but you'll spend just what you've got.
Checks need deposits, or returned they'll fall;
But plastic just takes credit, it's the master of them all!

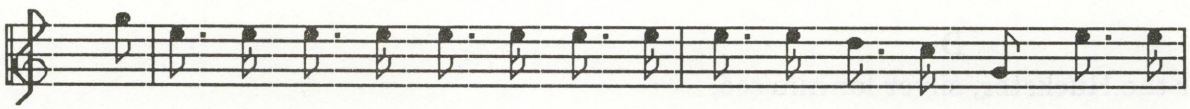
When you find that beanie, signed by Kilgore Trout,
Made from Savvik's underwear, that you can't live without,
Cash hurts to part with, so you'll wait and stall,
But plastic hurts tomorrow, so you go ahead and fall!

Plastic out of Citibank is master of men all!

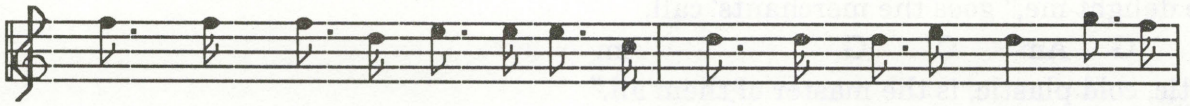


DO IT YOURSELF

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 Bill Sutton

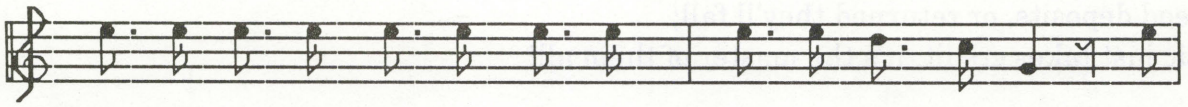
C

I went to buy computers and they said a million bucks for a

F C G



brand-new mainframe I B M, now that price really sucks! So I

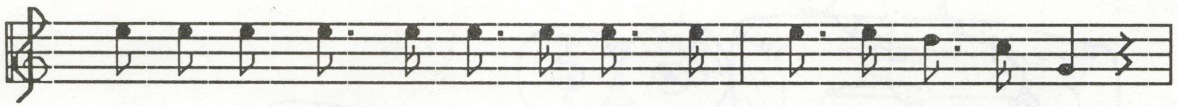
C



looked at all the pictures and I chose to build my own For

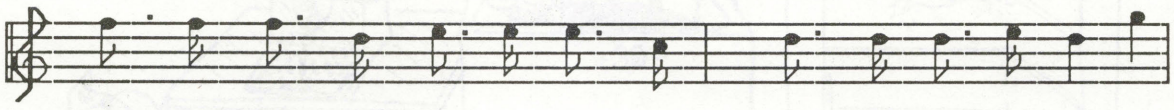
F C G F C

you can build a mainframe from the things you find at home! Oh,



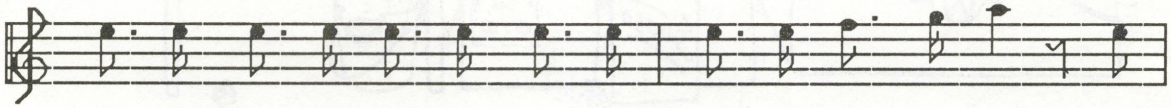
I B M, DEC and Honeywell, H P, D G and Wang,

F C G



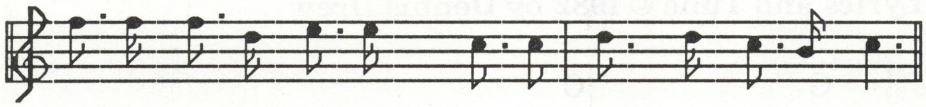
Amdahl, NEC and N C R, they don't know anything! They

C



make big bucks for systems so they never want it known that

F C G F C



you can build a mainframe from the things you find at home!

C
I went to buy computers and they said "A million bucks
F C G
For a brand-new mainframe IBM!" Now that price really sucks!
C
So I looked at all the pictures and I chose to build my own
F C G F C
For you can build a mainframe from the things you find at home!

C
CHORUS: IBM, DEC, and Honeywell, HP, DG, and Wang,
F C G
Amdahl, NEC, and NCR, they don't know anything!
C
They make big bucks for systems so they never want it known
F C G F C
That you can build a mainframe from the things you find at home!

Now take the CPU you see, it's only just a box
With blinking lights and whirring fans and lots of cable slots.
I spent an evening working with some wire and bulbs and pins
Then I took it to my basement and I plugged the freezer in! CHORUS

Next I needed tape drives, well, my tape drives were a steal.
I climbed into the attic for my dad's old reel-to-reel.
Some cable and some binder twine and soon it was complete--
My CPU and tape drive at a price no one can beat! CHORUS

So then I looked for disc drives but it didn't take me long.
"Function follows form" they say--or have I got that wrong?
I found a drive with five new modes that blows them all away--
Cottons, linens, wash-n-wear, rinse and lingerie! CHORUS

I had to have a console just to make my system run.
Without a fancy console then my system wasn't done.
So I tied a ten buck typer to a broken TV tube
And now I've got a console that can write the evening news! CHORUS

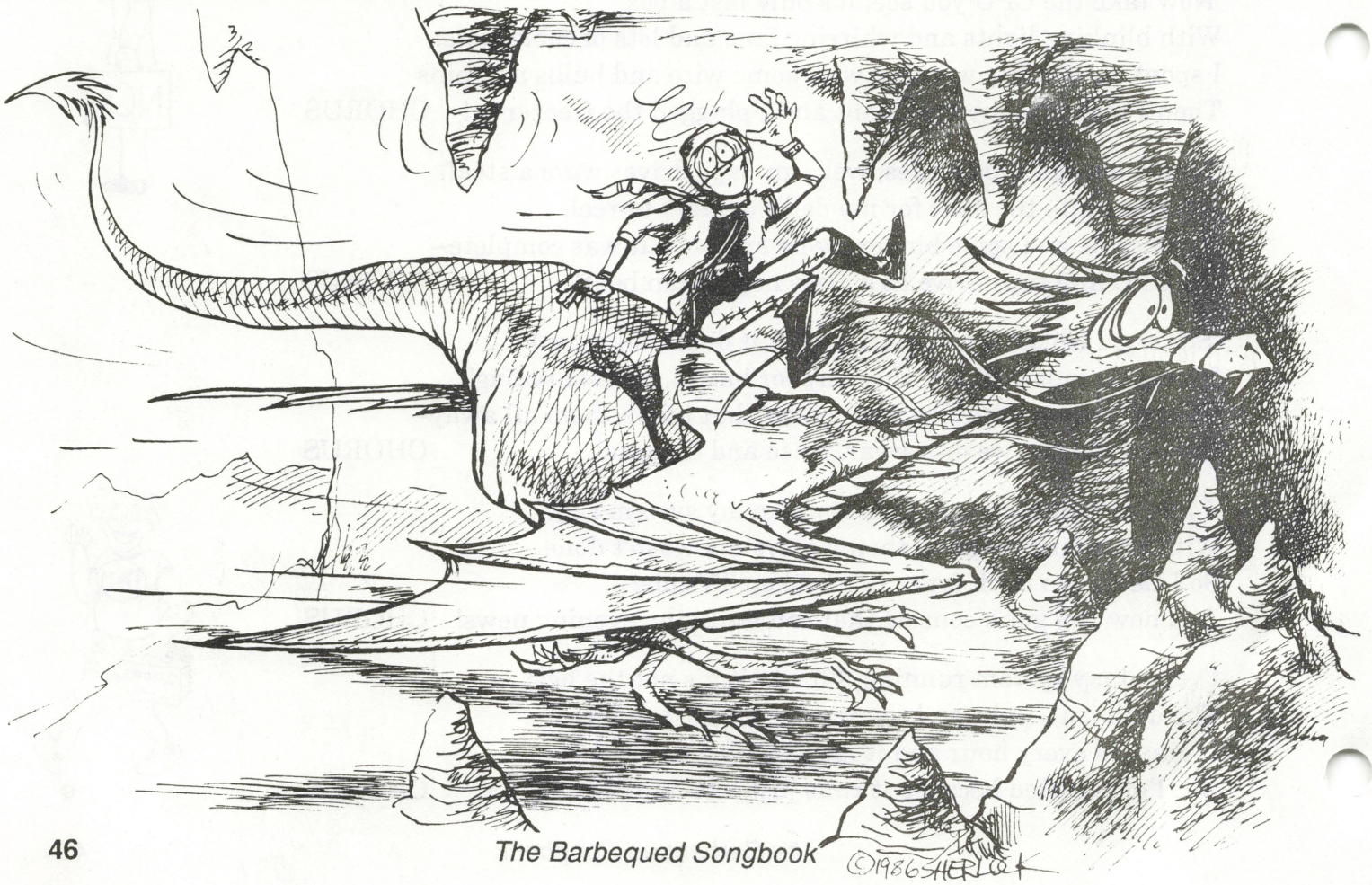
I've had my system running, I'll admit it's not the best.
The data isn't right and the response time is a mess.
It crashes every hour and it isn't worth a damn--
But I'm satisfied because it runs just like an IBM!! CHORUS

DRAGONSBREATH

Lyrics and Tune © 1982 by Dennis Drew

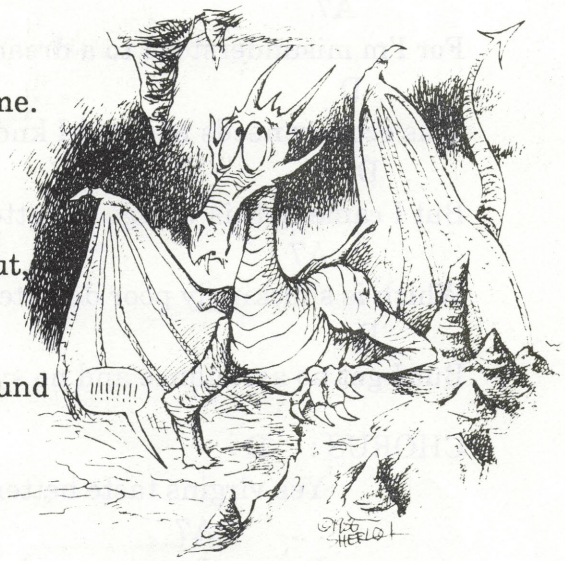
C F G C
A dragonrider took his beast and launched into the air,
C F G
He was bound toward between to get from here to there.
C F G C
His dragon had chewed firestone while laying in the grass,
C F G C
And as it transferred in between it belched a flame of gas

C F C
Confused then as the dragon was to hear its rider rave;
C F C
It lost its neat coordinates and blinked into a cave,
C F C
Without a light, so dark it was the dragon could not see,
C G C
So cracked its rider's head against the cave a time or three.



Then the mighty dragonrider, reeling from the blow
Deftly fell from off his beast toward the floor below.
One hundred feet the rider plunged and never gave a yell
And landed in a gooey mass that had an awful smell.

Though numb with shock it must be said the rider kept his wit.
He knew what he had fallen in; it was a pile of... guano.
He tried to rise onto his feet but both his legs were lame.
So shouting loudly through the cave he called his dragon's name.



The dragon heard its rider call and headed toward the floor.
And landed right upon the man and lamed him up some more.
It squished him down into the mass then heard a muffled shout.
So reached its claws into the junk and pulled its rider out.

The rider heard some water close and stumbled toward the sound
And fell headlong into the lake by tripping on a mound.
He washed off all the guano and then crawled upon the bank.
And that was when he realized how bad the dragon stank.

Suddenly the dragon had a belly full of flame
And couldn't hold the gas inside, so out the fire came.
The rider ducked into the lake before his life expired
And watched in fear as twenty tons of guano caught on fire.

He pulled himself onto his beast and launched into the air
And fought off thirty thousand bats, blinded by the glare.
The dragon roared, hurt and confused, crying out in pain
And cracked its rider's head against the cavetop once again.

The rider told his dragon then to transfer to their hold
And took out fifteen thousand bats, frozen by the cold.
The dragon reappeared outside, but blinded by the light
Smacked into a hardwood tree and stayed there half the night.

The dragon and its rider finally stumbled to their den
And swore upon a thousand shells they'd never fly again,
Or if they did, before they went into the nameless void,
The rider knew that first he'd show his beast a Polaroid.

A DRAGON'S RETORT

Lyrics © 1985 by Claire Stephens
Tune : The Irish Washerwoman

D
Well, now I am a dragon please listen to me
A7
For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree
D A7 D
This ecology needs me, and I know my place, but I'm fighting extinction with all of my race
D
But I came to this village to better my health
A7
Which is shockingly poor despite all my wealth
D A7 D
But I get no assistance and no sympathy, just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

CHORUS : D
Yes virgins taste better than those who are not
A7
But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught
D
For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot
A7 D
Yet virgins taste better than those who are not.

Now we worms are deep thinkers at science we shine
And our world's complicated with every new line
We must quit all the things that we've done since the flood
Like lying on gold couches that poison our blood.
Well, I'm really quite good almost all of the year
Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear
But a birthday needs sweets I'm sure you'll agree
And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me. CHORUS

As it happens our interests are almost the same
For I'm really quite skilfull at managing game
If I messed with your men would your excess deline?
Of course not the rest would just make better time.
But the number of babies a woman can bear
has a limit and that's why my pruning's done there
Yet an orphan's a sad sight, and so when I munch
I'm careful to take out only virgins for lunch. CHORUS

FILK-A-TEER
Lyrics © 1983 by Scott Merritt
Tune: Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Am Em Am Em
When I was young, my friends all fought like fools to get a seat
Am Em E7 Am
On an Okon bardic circle, there to sing their songs so sweet.
Am Em Am Em
But I stayed home and played my songs of rocket ships and BEMs
Am Em E7 Am
Sent a demo off to Wail Songs, and now I work for them.

Am
CHORUS: And it's drink up, me lads, then stand up and sing
E7 Am
You can be a filk-a-teer when you're in a bardic ring.

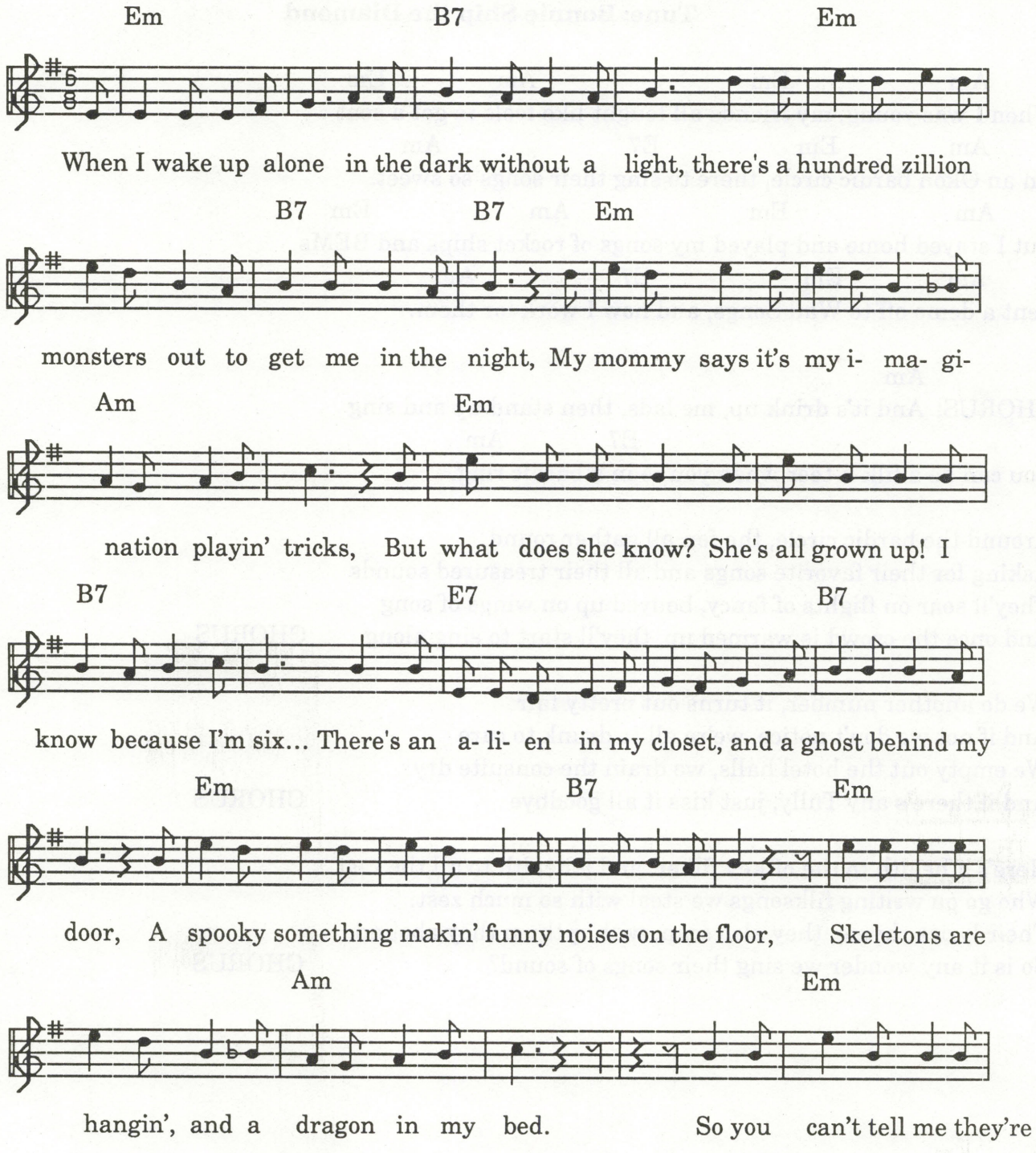
Around the bardic circle, the fen all gather round
Asking for their favorite songs and all their treasured sounds
They'll soar on flights of fancy, bouyed up on wings of song
And once the crowd is warmed up, they'll start to sing along CHORUS

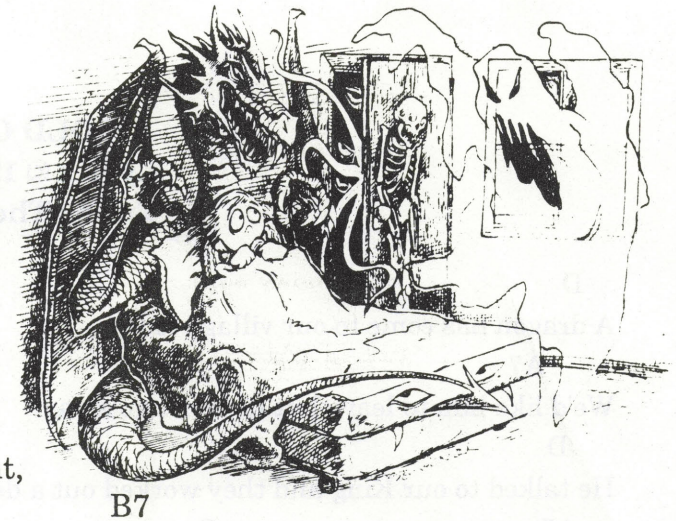
We do another number, it turns out pretty fair
And if not we don't notice, we're all to drunk to care
We empty out the hotel halls, we drain the consuite dry
And if there's any Tully, just kiss it all goodbye CHORUS

Here's a health to the offkey filker, and a health to all the rest
Who go on writing filksongs we steal with so much zest.
Their lyrics rhyme, they also scan, with rythym they abound
So is it any wonder we sing their songs of sound? CHORUS

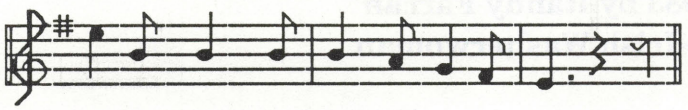
MONSTERS IN THE NIGHT

Lyrics and Tune © 1983 by Diana G. Gallagher-Wu


Em B7 Em
When I wake up alone in the dark without a light, there's a hundred zillion
B7 B7 Em
monsters out to get me in the night, My mommy says it's my i- ma- gi-
Am Em
nation playin' tricks, But what does she know? She's all grown up! I
B7 E7 B7
know because I'm six... There's an a- li- en in my closet, and a ghost behind my
Em B7 Em
door, A spooky something makin' funny noises on the floor, Skeletons are
Am Em
hangin', and a dragon in my bed. So you can't tell me they're



B7 Em



only make-believe inside my head!

Em B7
When I wake up alone in the dark without a light,
Em B7 B7
There's a hundred zillion monsters out to get me in the night,
Em Am
My mommy says it's my imagination playin' tricks,
Em B7
But what does she know? She's all grown up! I know because I'm six....
Em B7
CHORUS: There's an alien in my closet, and a ghost behind my door,
Em B7
A spooky something makin' funny noises on the floor,
Em Am
Skeletons a' hangin', and a dragon in my bed--
Em B7 Em
So you can't tell me they're only make-believe inside my head!

Aliens have tentacles that wiggle in the dark,
And dragon skin is scratchy and their teeth are made of sparks
And fire and smoke, and skeletons have bones that clank and grind!
I've seen 'em so I know they're not just 'magines in my mind. CHORUS

Well, ghosts are made of nothin'. They're just shadows in the air,
But because I cannot touch 'im doesn't mean he isn't there!
And all those other creepy things I hear but cannot see
May not be real to Mommy, but they're awfully real to me.... CHORUS

When I wake up alone in the dark, I'm never scared
Even though I know there's monsters all around me everywhere.
There's a funny thing about them nasty Monsters in the Night.
They go away like magic when my Mom turns on the light.

CHORUS: No more alien in my closet, no ghost behind my door,
No spooky something makin' funny noises on the floor,
No skeletons a'hangin, not a dragon left in sight--
But you can't tell me they're make-believe —
They're just afraid of light!

AN OLD CLICHE REVISITED

Lyrics © 1983 by Randy Farran
Tune : The Irish Washerwoman

D
A dragon has come to our village today
A7
We'd like him to leave but he won't go away
D
He talked to our King and they worked out a deal
A7 D
No homes will he burn and no stock will he steal
D
Now there is but one catch we dislikes it a bunch
A7
Twice a year he invites him a virgin for lunch
D
We don't have much choice so the deal we'll respect
A7 D
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect

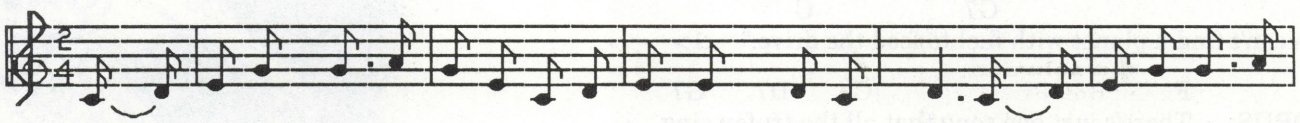
D
CHORUS : Do virgins taste better than those who are not?
A7
Are they saltier, sweeter, more juicy or what?
D
Do you savor 'em slowly, gulp 'em down on the spot?
A7 D
Do virgins taste better than girls who are not?

Now we'd like to be shed of ya and many have tried
But no one can get through your thick, scaley hide
We hope that some day a brave soul will come by
For we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly
Now you have good taste in women, for sure
They always are pretty, they always are pure
But your notion of a good time makes us all flinch
For your favorite entree is barbequed wench. CHORUS

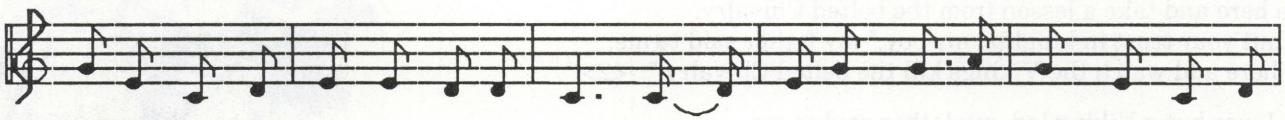
Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat
If you'll settle for nothing but virgins to eat
No longer will our numbers grow small
We'll simply make sure we've no virgins at all! CHORUS

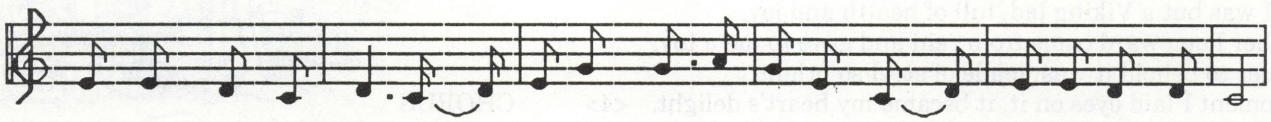
ONLY ONE SONG IN THE WORLD
Collected and butchered by Samuel Mize © 1985
Tune : Oh! Susannah (mostly)

C D7 G7 C

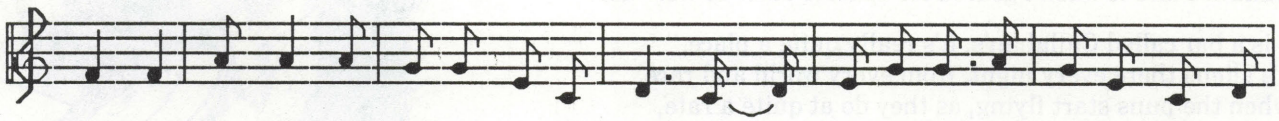


A hundred parsecs o-out, on a ship called Borman's fate, The engineer Mc-

G7 C C

Clellan sent the word out to the mate. "The engine's growing cold," he said, "and

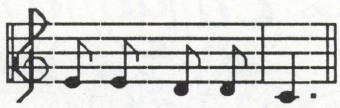
D7 C G7 C

soon our ship must die, If we can't find a planet with fuel to feed the drive."

F C D7 G7 C



There's just one song that all the trufen sing, It's got a billion verses and it

G7 C



covers everything.

C D7 G7
A hundred parsecs out, on a ship called Borman's fate,
C G7 C
The engineer McClellan sent the word out to the mate.
C D7
"The engine's growing cold," he said, "and soon our ship must die,
C G7 C
If we can't find a planet with fuel to feed the drive." <1>

F C D7 G7
CHORUS: There's just one song that all the trufen sing
C G7 C
It's got a billion verses, and it covers everything.

When I was just a lad of ten, my father said to me,
"Come here and take a lesson from the belted Chivalry.
Don't put your trust in knights, my boy," my father said to me,
Come here and watch the Vikings kill the belted Chivalry." <2>

When I was but a Viking lad, my father said to me,
"Son, you'll go far if you recall this simple litany :
You kill the men and rape the women, loot the town and flee,
But do not mix them up or you'll be laughed off of the sea!" <3>

When I was but a Viking lad, full of health and joy,
My father homeward came from raid and gave to me a toy.
A wonder to behold it was, made of steel so bright,
The moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight. <4> CHORUS

When we pulled into Argo port in need of R. and R.,
The crew set out investigating every joint and bar.
We had high expectations of their hospitality,
But found too late it wasn't geared for spacers such as we. <5>

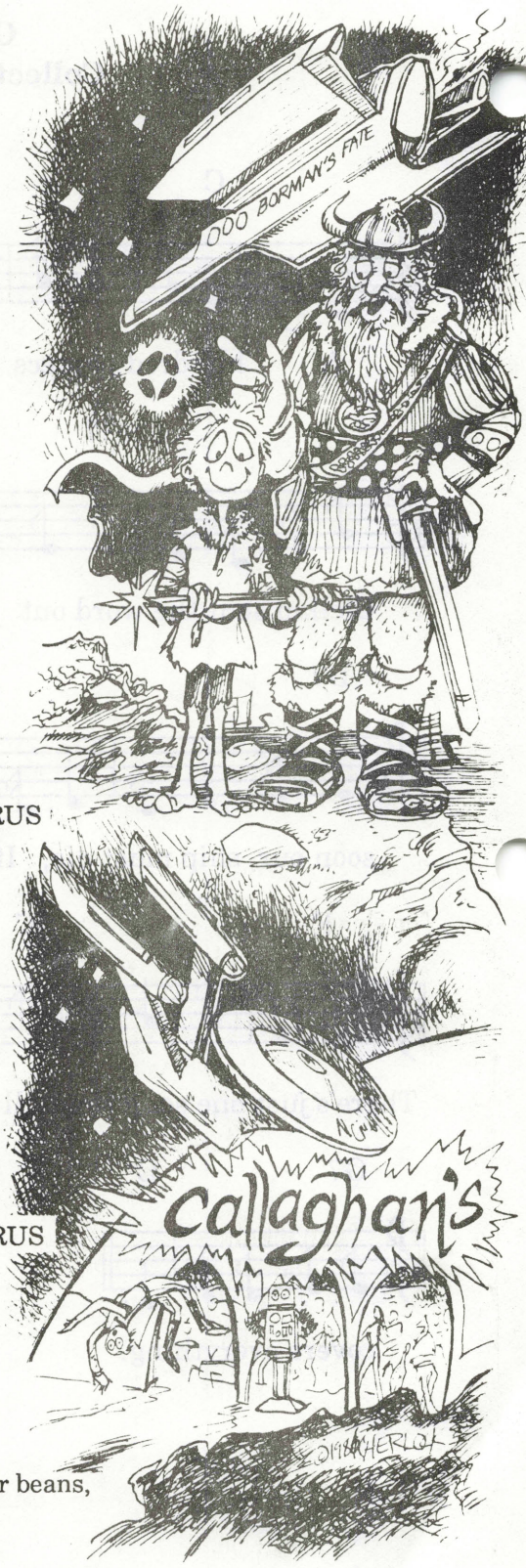
There is a bar called Callahan's, it's really quite a place,
There's aliens there every night, from every world and race.
And when the puns start flying, as they do at quite a rate,
Not even steel-jawed robots can quite keep their faces straight. <6>

Here we go a-wassailing among the starry skies,
Here we go a-wand'ring in the Starship Enterprise!
The Vulcans, they are cool and calm, wait seven years for sex,
It makes the men quite logical, the women nervous wrecks! <7> CHORUS

They litle knew of brotherhood, the faith of fighting men,
Who once to prove their lie was good hanged Colonel Jacques Chrétien.
No more there is a Rochmont town, no more are Rochmont's men,
But stands a Dorsai monument to Colonel Jacques Chrétien. <8>

From the pits of Aldebaran IX, to the webs of Sigma Grex,
We will make a better man of you, irregardless of your sex.
Though the Klingons kick sand in your face, you will know you're worth your beans,
When you come and sell your soul to us in the Outer Space Marines. <9>

My father is the captain of the Starship Unity,
And me and Mama live on board to bear him company.
And I am of the age when I am anxious for to wed,
But I must choose a groom who'll win approval from my dad. <10> CHORUS



It's seldom in Chicago that you see the stars by night,
The skies are red and angry with sodium vapor light.
But I have seen the heavens from a high and lonely place,
And I know that's the closest I'll ever come to space.
But I have seen the harbor, and the tall ships point the way,
And my children or their children may go out there some day. <11>

"Oh! Then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, a bhua-chaill, hush and listen," and his cheeks were all aglow.
"I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon!" <12>

We were hangin' out near London, chasin' maids and raisin' Hell,
We'd robbed a coupl'a churches, we were doin' pretty well,
We got a note from Lionheart, these were the words it bore :
"Your King says get your arses out and fight the Holy War." <13> CHORUS

Now, if I have thrown your song in here, you want to scream and curse,
Just calm yourself and tell yourself it really could be worse.
For there's another tune to which all of these songs will scan,
About the misadventures of a certain mountain man.

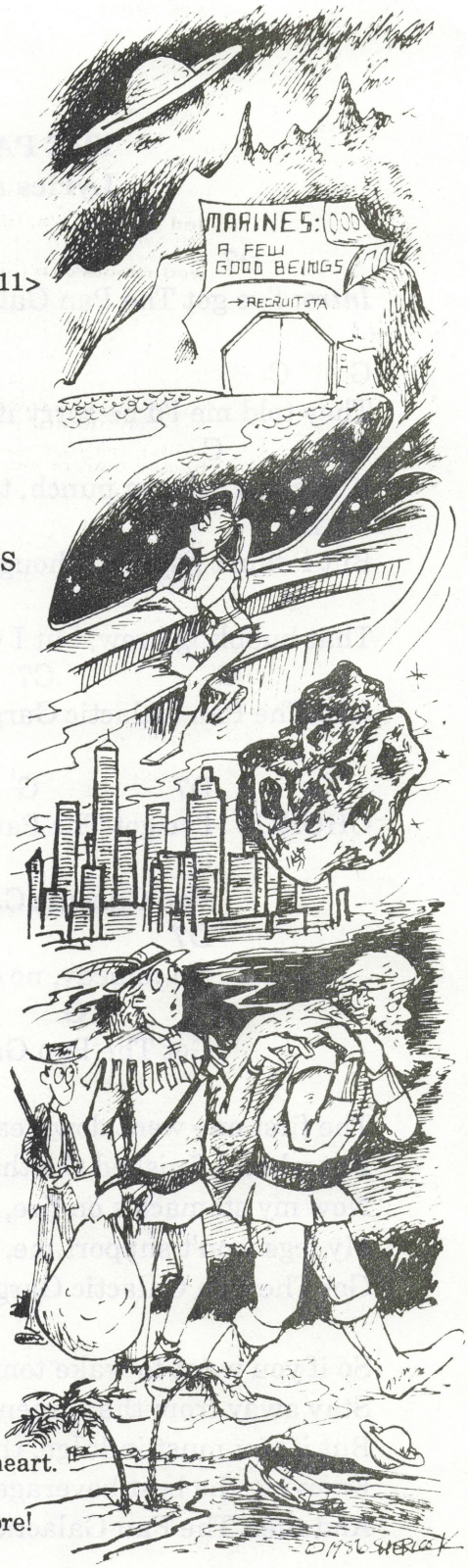
(tune : The Ballad Of Jed Clampett (Beverly Hillbillies))
A hundred parsecs out, on a ship called Borman's fate,
The engineer McClellan sent the word out to the mats.
"The engine's growing cold," he said, "and soon our ship must die,
If we can't find a planet with fuel to feed the drive."
H, that is. White gold. Starship tea.

Now, if I have thrown your song in here, you want to scream and curse,
Just calm yourself and tell yourself it really could be worse.
For there's another tune to which all of these songs will scan,
About the misadventures of a certain sailing man.

(tune : Gilligan's Isle)
Captain Signy Mallory has no soul they say,
The captain of the Norway has a heart of frozen clay.
Left the Mazianni with their price upon her head,
And stayed to guard the station that the company left for dead,
The company left for dead.

With Mallory, the skipper true,
And Unity, and some strife,
Around Pell Star, the station and Downbelow,
Here on ECS 5!

And now I think that for the door I'd really better start,
(Oh! Susannah) Before the fen who wrote these songs come questing for my heart.
(Jed Clampett) But I would pray you think a bit, before you seek my gore,
(Oh! Susannah) There's a verse of mine here too, I hope that evens up the score!



***** And the victims are : *****
<1> Fuel To Feed The Drive - Cynthia McQuillan
<2> Chivalry - Ly. Morgana bro Morganwyg*
<3> Pillage Loot, and Rape, and Burn - SCA Traditional - verse by Samuel Mize
<4> Viking Axe - Jondo Oakenshield*
<5> Banned From Argo - Leslie Fish
<6> Callahan's Bar - Jordin Kare
<7> A Federation Wassail Song - Roberta Rogow
<8> Jacques Chretien - Gordon R. Dickson
<9> The Outer Space Marines - Jeff Dunteman
<10> Starship Unity - Anne Passovoy
<11> Harbors - Anne Passovoy
<12> Rising Of The Moon - Traditional (wow, he sure writes a lot!)
<13> Rollin' To Jerusalem - Brom Blackhand*
<14> Signy Mallory - **********
Signy Mallory - Misty Lackey / Leslie Fish * SCA pseudonym

THE PAN GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTER BLUES

Lyrics and Tune © 1983 by Diana G. Gallagher-Wu

```
        D7          G            C      C7     G
Intro: I've got The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues....

G    C                        C7                 G  G7
They told me I'd be sorry if I guzzled that alien booze.
G7       C                      C7                          G  G7
It packs a helluva punch, that delicious, carbonated green ooze.
   D7                          C
But I didn't listen.  I thought I could master
     A                          D7
That bubbling brew, but I was courting disaster
         G           C7             G
And The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues.

          D7          G            G7             G
CHORUS : I've got The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues.
          C                      C7     G   G7
          Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues....
          D7                          C7
          No remedy, no cure for the Blaster connoisseur,
                  G                      C7     G
          Got The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues.
```

The first one went down easy and the second down deceptively smooth,
But when I finished the third I had difficulty trying to move.
Now my stomach's on fire, and my vision is blurred.
My legs won't support me, and my words are all slurred.
Got The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues. CHORUS

So if you want to wake tomorrow feelin' fit, energetic and fine,
Stay away from that green, high-potency, imported moonshine.
But if you must indulge, the hangover's worth
Enjoying the best beverage on or off Earth,
And then The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues.

```
CHORUS: I've got The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues,
        The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues....
        No remedy, no cure for the Blaster connoisseur,
             G          A      D7                C7       G
        or those nasty mornin' after, Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster Blues.
```

POST-CON BLUES

Lyrics and Tune © 1987 by Gary Hanson

talking on a fast blues rhythm

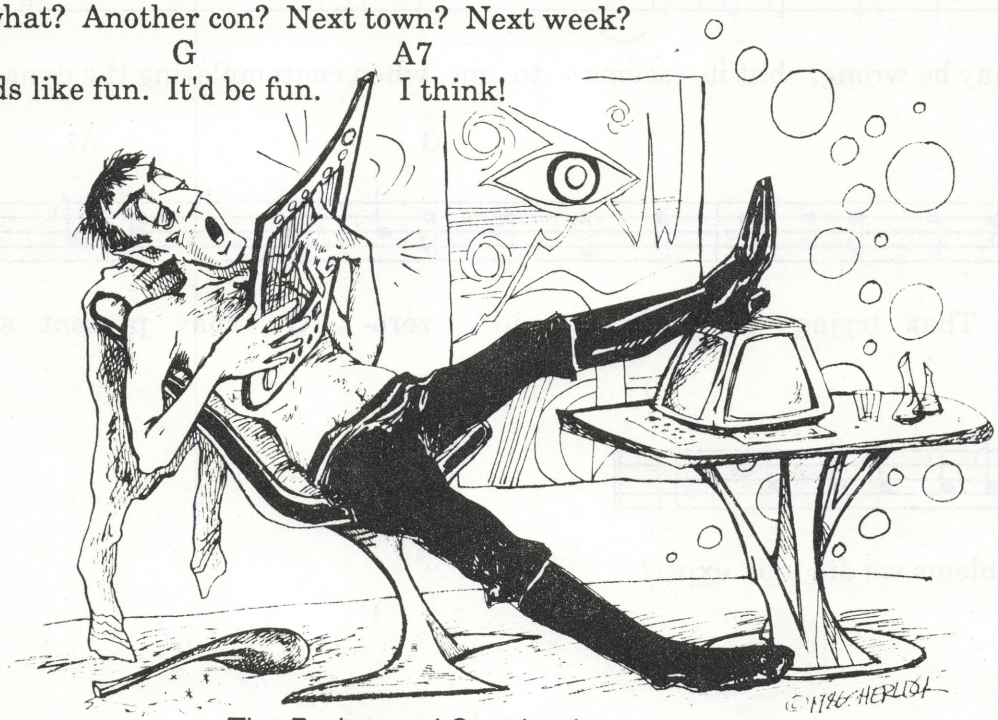
A7 D7 A7 D7
I never should have had so much booze, now I have a case of the Post-Con Blues.
A7 D7 A7 D7
The lack of sleep ain't helped none, room parties? I hit every one.
C G A7
CHORUS: I had fun. I had fun. I think.
C G A7
Yeah, I had fun. I had fun. I think.

All day long people been calling me a fool, something about a costume and the pool.
I don't even remember the masquerade, all I know is now my dues are being paid.
CHORUS

My wallet is empty as can be, for want of all the art I see.
If it was on a wall I placed a bid, even spent the rent money that I hid.
CHORUS

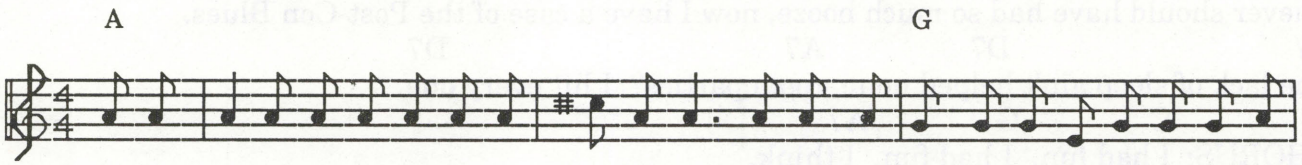
My wife, she ain't talking to me, and there's no reason that I see.
No, no, no I didn't kiss that guard, he's too big and mean, it'a been too hard.
CHORUS: I just had fun. I just had fun. I think.
Yeah, I just had fun. I just had fun. I think.

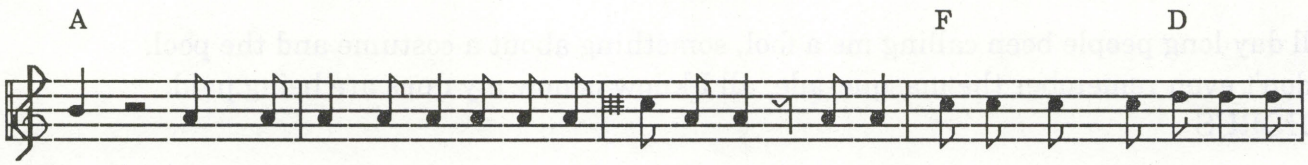
I could use about a month of sleep, and I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Please forgive me my sins, I'll never never do it again.
C G A7
CHORUS: Say what? Another con? Next town? Next week?
C G A7
Sounds like fun. It'd be fun. I think!

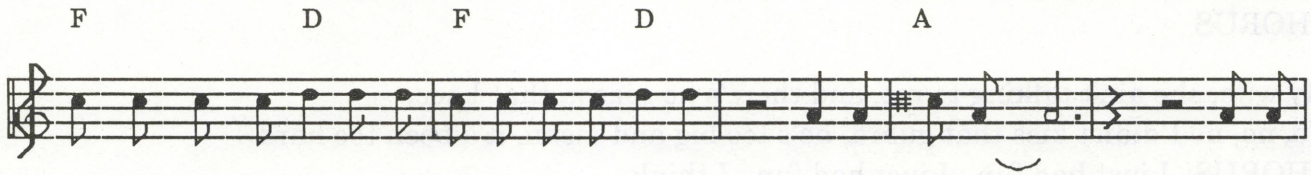


A RECONSIDERATION OF ANATOMICAL DOCKING MANEUVERS IN A ZERO-GRAVITY ENVIRONMENT

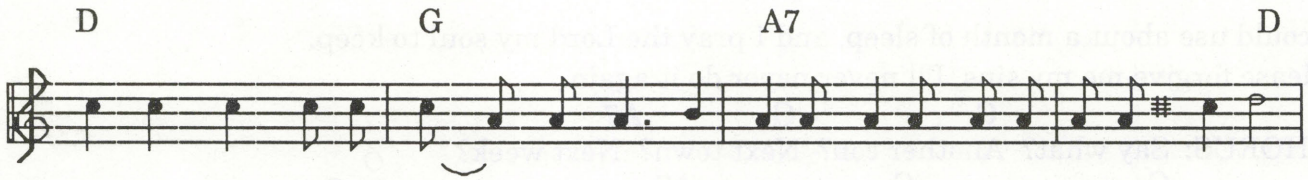
Lyrics and Tune © 1983 by Diana G. Gallagher-Wu



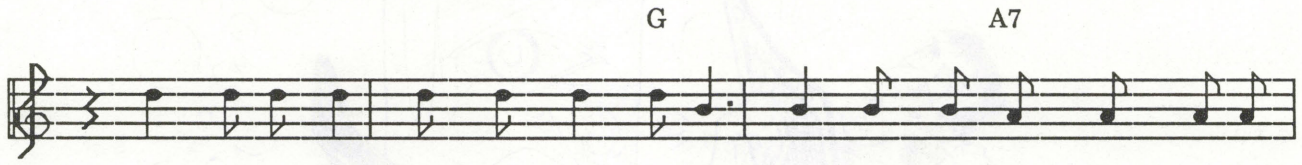
Making love in a zero- G en- vironment may not produce the satisfaction we pro-

ject. The proposed e- rot-ic poss-i- bil- i- ties deny Newton's Laws of Motion and



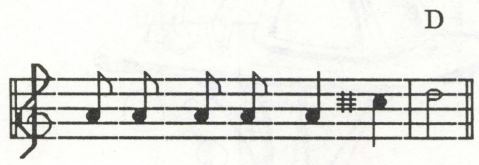
how they will affect our romantic inclinations.... in space stations. Now I



may be wrong, but it seems to me, when contemplating the dynamics of sex,



That trying to do it in zero- G may present some pressing



problems we did not expect.

A G A
Making love in a zero-G environment may not produce the satisfaction we project
A F D
The proposed erotic possibilities deny Newton's Laws of Motion
F D F D A
And how they will affect our romantic inclinations.... in space stations.

Momentum changes in proportion to the force acting on a resting body and making it move.
And every action is opposed -- by an equal reaction
of the same magnitude, in the opposite direction.... without exception.

A D G A7 D
Now, I may be wrong, but it seems to me, when contemplating the dynamics of sex,
D G A7 D
That trying to do it in zero-G may present some pressing problems we did not expect.

Making love in a zero-G environment may be more hazardous than advocates assume.
Adrift in compartments three-dimensional, -- pelvic push may quickly find
Lovers parted and marooned, or rebounding off the walls.... ricochet freefall.

Zero-G may have industrial advantages for pharmaceuticals, ball bearings and steel.
But in matters of human sensuality, friction is essential.
Future studies may reveal that weightless copulation.... induces frustration.

Now I may be wrong, but it seems to me that carnal stimulation will be desired,
So, in order to do it in zero-G some new techniques may be required.

Making love in a zero-G environment may foster changes in our moral attitudes,
Nature provides for the planetbound, but the State of the Art
In orbit must improve. Desperate lovers may engage.... Space Age Sex Aids.

Together tethers would prevent random wandering. Magnetic harnesses incorporating
alternating poles
Could sustain an interaction electronically. Rear thrusters would supply
perfect docking control. Entry speed and rhythm set.... easy on the retro-jets.

Now I may be wrong, but it seems to me that we'll never be sure, unless we go and try it.
So for reasons of promoting space industry we should encourage the idea.
The general public will buy it.

Making love in a zero-G environment is a problem we must solve to survive.
With a dash of erotic ingenuity and invention of necessity,
Science will arrive at a feasible solution to the 21st century.... sensual revolution.

SCOUNDRELS

Lyrics © 1983 by Mercedes Lackey
Tune : Irish Washerwoman

D
CHORUS : You can give me a bounder, a rounder, a cad;
A7
'Cause I really don't like nice men, I like 'em bad.
D
In summer or winter or springtime or fall,
A7 D
A scoundrel is really the best man of all.

D
You can keep your Luke Skywalkers, fresh-faced and virginal,
A7
I want a guy who with out any urgin'll
D
Put me in orbit ten miles off the ground,
A7 D
'Cause a scoundrel won't waste time in messing around.

D
And when they deliver, those rascals are grand
A7
As they charmingly kiss all the rings off your hand...
D
Of course, when they leave you you're feeling so nice
A7 D
That you figure it's worth it no matter the price.

CHORUS

Be he Dark Horde, or Dorsai, Time Lord or Corellian,
Pirate or trader, just give me a hellion
Summer or winter or springtime or fall,
Just trust me! A scoundrel's the best man of all.

Call him Mouser or Indy or both kinds of Solo,
Whatever his game is, it's more fun than polo;
Ask Skywise and Harlock and Wolverine, too :
When they're around women they know what to do!

CHORUS

In and out of your life they will blow like a breeze
With a wink and a grin and a smooch and a squeeze,
From the moment that one saunters in through your door
You'll be treated like you never have been before.

Be he dashing and daring like Retief, or tricky
And sharp as a neede like space-trader Nicky,
Just keep all your heroes and space-rangers, 'cause
A scoundrel has got something no one else does!

CHORUS

Nice guys never finish with what they have started,
They leave you frustrated, depressed, and downhearted,
So give me a scoundrel who'll "kiss" you and run;
An experienced scoundrel is five times the fun!

Be he handsome and rugged and Harrison Ford-y
Or comfy and cuddly like Bob and like Gordy,
In summer or winter or springtime or fall,
A scoundrel is really the best man of all.

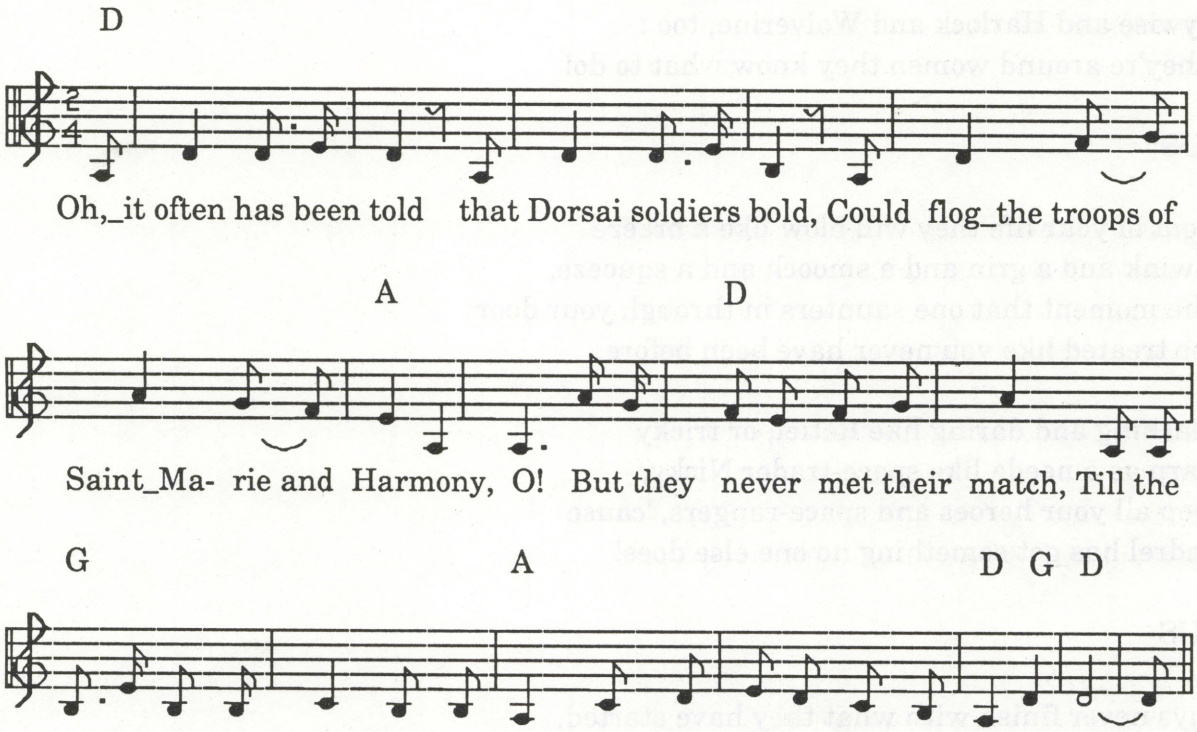
CHORUS

SHAI HOKA!

Lyrics © 1985 by Nigel Sellars

Tune : Bonnie Lass of Fyvie

Some of the syllables in Bonnie Fyvie match several in this song. True filk!
We've indicated how the first verse maps to the tune.


D
Oh,_it often has been told that Dorsai soldiers bold, Could flog_the troops of
A D
Saint_Ma- rie and Harmony, O! But they never met their match, Till the
G A D G D
Hoka did them catch, Oh, the Hoka bears for fighting are the dandy, O!

D
Oh, it often has been told that Dorsai soldiers bold
A
Could flog the troops of Saint Marie and Harmony, O!
D
But they never met their match
G
Till the Hoka did them catch,
A D G D
Oh the Hoka bears for fighting are the dandy, O!

D
Now General Donal Graeme, a man of noted fame
A
Said the Hoka were just ripe for the taking, O!
D
"You know that I'm not bluffing'
G
I'll knock out the Hoka's stuffin'.
A D G D
These aren't just idle threats that I'm making, O!"

But the Hoka had a plan to defeat these sons of Man,
And soon the Dorsai's wagon they'd be fixin', O!
Here now take a look,
They found it in a book
That was written by a fellow name of Dickson, O!

When the Dorsai ships did land they found no ursine band,
And everything was still and very quiet, O!
Then there came a mighty cry,
A high-pitched "Shai Dorsai!"
And a hundred thousand bears began to riot, O!

They leapt down from the trees and punched the Dorsai's knees,
And pummeled them till they were sore and tender, O!
Sad Graeme in despair,
"This defeat I cannot bear,
I'll agree to unconditional surrender, O!"
(repeat tune of last 3 lines)
Said the Hoka, "Now cheer up,
And join us in a cup,
A flowing glass to friendship let's be drinking, O!"

It often has been told that Dorsai soldiers bold
Could flog the troops of Saint Marie and Harmony, O!
But they never met their match
Till the Hoka did them catch,
Oh the Hoka bears for fighting are the dandy, O!

SUNDAY MORNIN' AT THE CON
Lyrics © 1985 by Randy Farran
Music: Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

C F G C
Well, I woke up Sunday mornin' with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt,
C Am G
Dragged myself into the shower, so my body wouldn't feel quite so inert
C F C Am
Then I tried to put my clothes on, 'Fore I dried myself, I wasn't too alert,
F G F G
And after twenty minutes, I remembered how the doorknob worked,
F G
And stumbled out the door to meet the day.

C F G C
Then I staggered down the hall, tripped on my own shoelace a time or two,
C Am G
But while waiting for the elevator, I looked down; I had forgot my shoes
C F C Am
I went on back to get them and after only three wrong doors I found my room
F G F G
And it only took me three tries to get them on the correct feet,
F G
Then I figured out the doorknob once again.

C F
CHORUS : It's a blurry Sunday mornin'
C
I'm feelin' like I should be dead
G C
Cause I woke up this mornin' With a poundin' in my head
F
Think I spent the whole night singing
C
Or was I watching films instead
G C
But I really can't remember, It's Sunday mornin' at the con.

Found my way into the restauraunt by some miracle I'll never understand
When the waitress finally noticed me, she said,
"You must be one of those science fiction fans"
And while she brought me coffee in an I.V. bottle in walked a familiar fan
I said "I think I met someone last night who looks a lot like you
But she was just a little more in focus."

She said "Randy you don't look too well," as over to my table she came.
I'm really glad she said that, cause right then I wasn't too sure of my name
When the waitress brought the coffee,
my friend just smiled and said "Ma'am I'll have the same"
And we sat there playing with our napkins, and each of us was trying
To figure out who would pay the tab.

CHORUS

After breakfast I stood up and decided I would try and stretch my legs
I would've took my friend along,
but she looked so peaceful sleeping in her scrambled eggs
So I stumbled to the dealer's room to mingle with the other morning dregs
But the dealer's room wasn't open, and the film room was showing ZARDOZ
So I staggered to the lobby to find a chair.

The girl that I had breakfast with wandered up dropped down next to me
She smelled like maple syrup — am I weird or is that somehow kind of sexy?
She said "You stuck me with the check. If I weren't so tired, I'd be really angry."
I said I'm really sorry. Let's have lunch together,
And this time, ...It'll be on me.

CHORUS

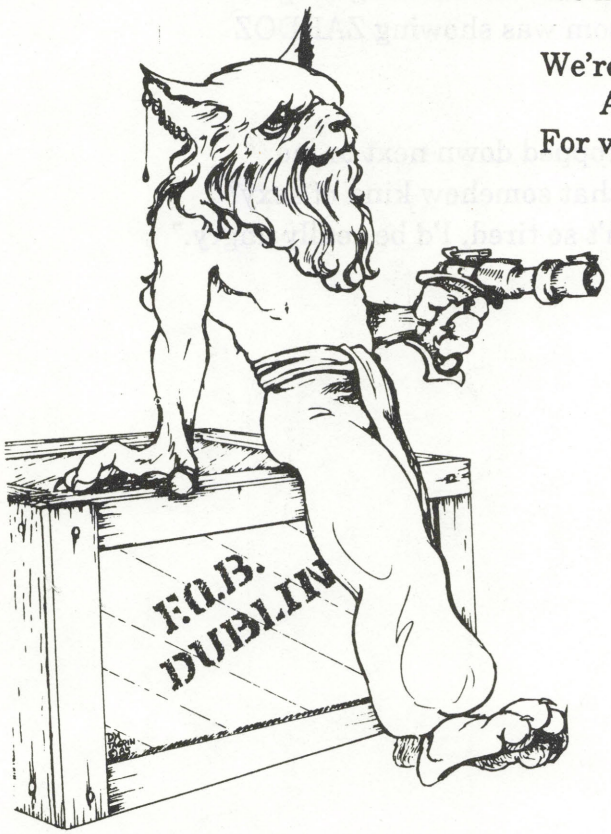
THIEVES OF THE KIF

Lyrics © 1985 by Samuel Mize & Scott Merritt

Tune : Pride of Chanur (Leslie Fish)

A C G E
We were sitting in dock, our own business to mind,
A F D E
When our beastie escaped, difficult here to find;
A C
It can't even work right a translator box,
G E
Don't tell me there's intellect beneath those gold locks;
A D G E
And now the damn critter is loose on the docks,
A G A
Well hid from us thieves of the Kif.

A G A D
CHORUS : We are the thieves of the Kif.
D C E
We'll turn you into a stiff.
A F G E
We're sneaky and shifty, our backstab's the best,
A G A
For we are the thieves of the Kif.



Now our property's in the Chanur docking bay,
And they won't bargain back, and they're going away;
We'd rather it died than escaped from our grip,
Unfortunately, we blew up the wrong ship;
Fur, claws, and round eyes, it's a natural slip,
They all look the same to the Kif.

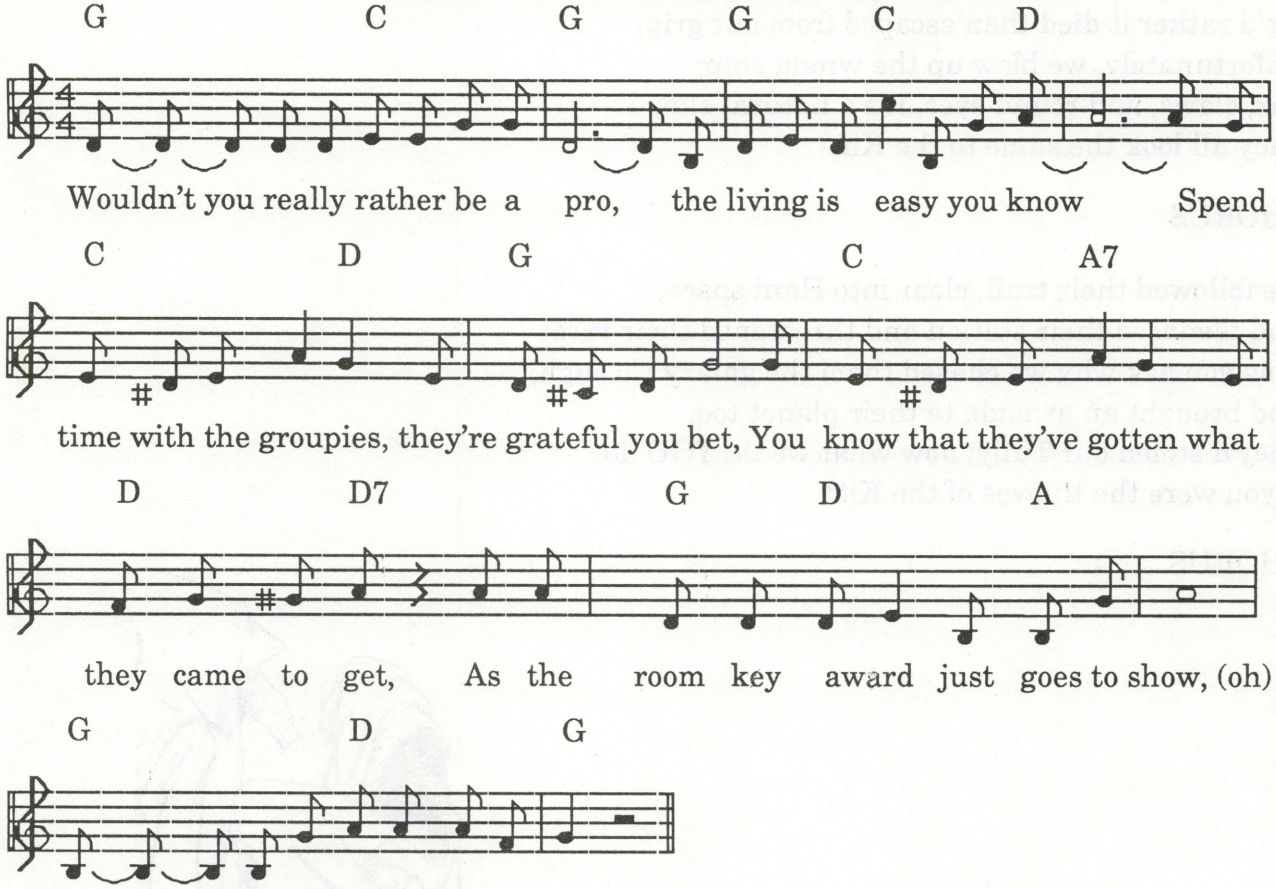
CHORUS

We followed their trail, clear into Hani space,
And menaced their station and threatened their race;
Now you ask why we chased them the galaxy through,
And brought an armada to their planet too;
They'd stolen our Tully; now what would YOU do,
If you were the thieves of the Kif?

CHORUS

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE A PRO

Lyrics and Tune © 1985 by Bill Sutton


G C G G C D
Wouldn't you really rather be a pro, the living is easy you know Spend
C D G C A7
time with the groupies, they're grateful you bet, You know that they've gotten what
D D7 G D A
they came to get, As the room key award just goes to show, (oh)
G D G
wouldn't you really rather be a pro?

G C G G C D
Wouldn't you really rather be a pro, the living is easy you know,
C D G
Spend time with the groupies, they're grateful you bet,
C A7 D D7
You know that they've gotten what they came to get,
G D A G D G
As the room key award just goes to show, oh, wouldn't you really rather be a pro?

Wouldn't you really rather be a pro, suffused with a glorious glow,
As Fandom bows down won't that make you feel good,
A shame they're not kneeling, well you know that they should,
As the worshipful awe begins to grow, wouldn't you really rather be a pro?

Wouldn't you really rather be a pro, eating soup for seven weeks in a row,
Well you tore up four chapters, they really were shit,
But, your editor's screaming, "Aint the damn thing done yet!"
And as for the advance where did it go? Oh, wouldn't you really rather be ...
Isn't it rather grand to be, how can you ever stand to be a pro!